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by Laureen Hobbs

October 1992 Volume 7

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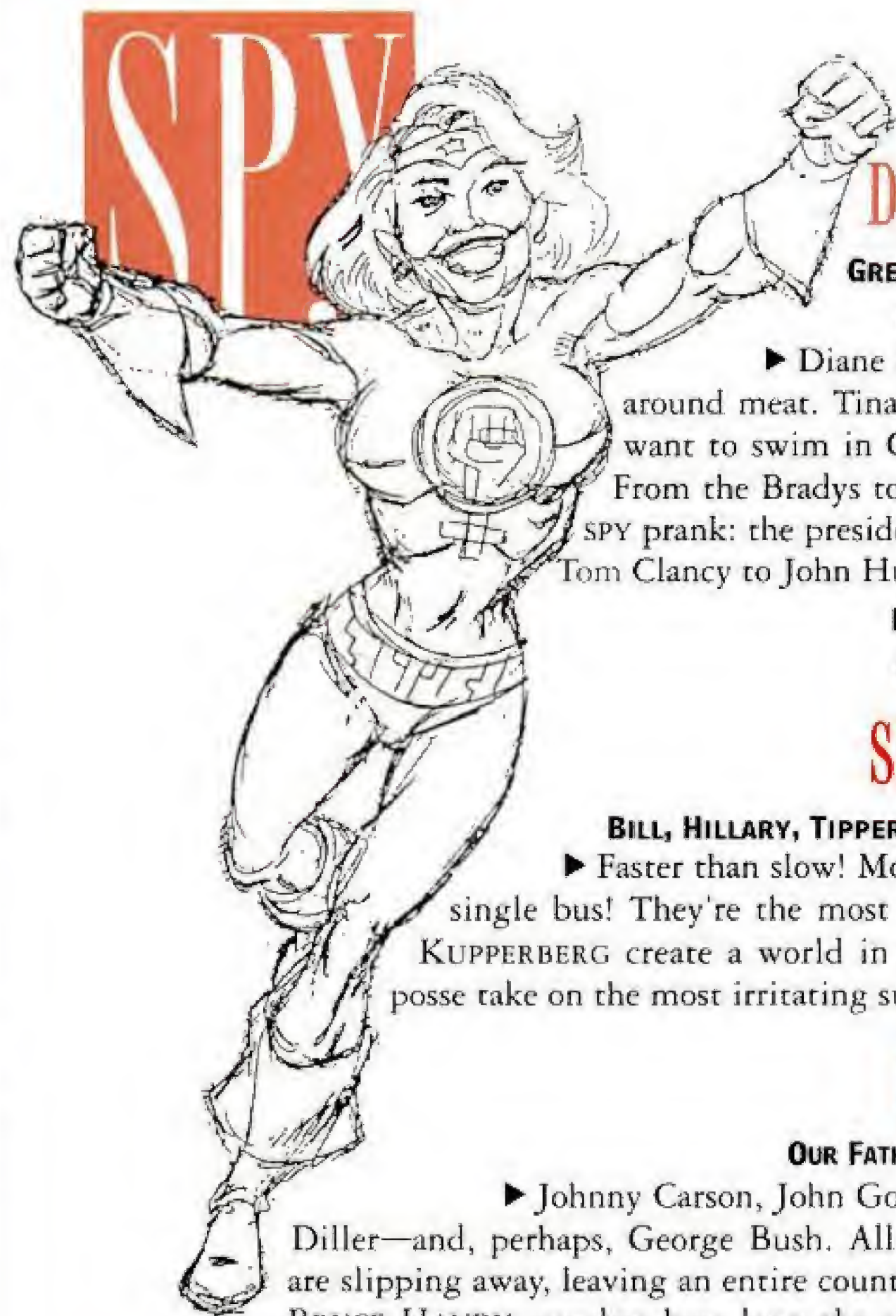
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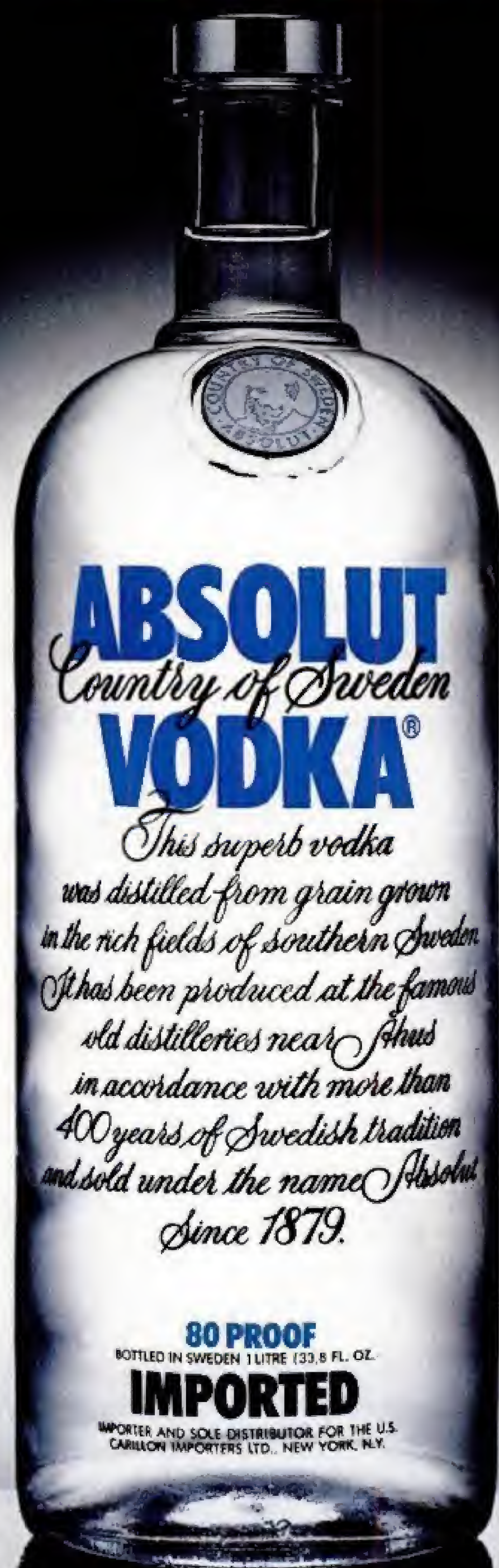
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Body photographed by Carolyn Jones. more information on page 77.





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Great Expectations

IT'S GETTING LATE. OCTOBER, WHICH LITERALLY MEANS "THE EIGHTH MONTH," ARRIVES two months late again this year, and with it the realization that the goals we set for ourselves in 1992—economic recovery, world peace, cutting down on fatty foods—are likely not going to be met in time for this, the



It's getting late

finishing up an interview with a PBS reporter
Republican bias



"We'll be monitoring you." —Barbara Bush, whom she accused of anti-



500th anniversary of our original politically incorrect sin. Maybe sometime during the next 500. 🕒 It's getting late, certainly, for George Bush, who has yet to "do what I have to do to be reelected." (Free political advice: Declare martial law and outlaw opposition parties.) He is not so much running for president now as scurrying, faster and faster; we can almost see him in his white gloves and waistcoat, twitching his lips and bobbling his watch and blurting out, in answer to a question about, say, health-care reform, *Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!* 🕒 Too late, probably, to meet that darn 15-million-new-jobs quota, unless McDonald's can be persuaded to open 500,000 outlets in the next 30 days. Too late to grow out of the deficit. Too late to invent a time machine and go back and not raise taxes. *Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!* 🕒 Too late to bake enough bread to go around, so how about a circus? The Grand Old Party's Astrodome spectacular featured mostly shriveled-up elephants and baggy-faced clowns, admittedly, but *indoor fireworks* too! GOP convention executive producer David Nash said the point of the indoor pyrotechnics was "to create excitement, but in good taste." But, of course, excitement and good taste are mutually exclusive, especially when it comes to Republicans: There's excitement (the

Great Expectations

late Lee Atwater, the late-ish Ronald Reagan) and there's good taste (James Baker, Bush before 1988). Nash decided to forgo setting off genuinely exciting explosive charges inside the dome because, he said, "we don't want to scare people." They put Pat Buchanan, Bill Bennett and Phil Gramm in the same room and *they didn't want to scare people?* The presence of Bush and Quayle alone was enough to scare away more than fourscore GOP senators and representatives, who probably felt the time might be less damagingly spent consorting with prostitutes and underworld figures.

Curiouser and curiouser, as a 7-year-old English girl once remarked—or "Strange out there. It's strange," as a 68-year-old commander in chief recently said. "Strange out there," with "these weird talk shows" in "this kind of screwy climate".... Could this at last be that unified

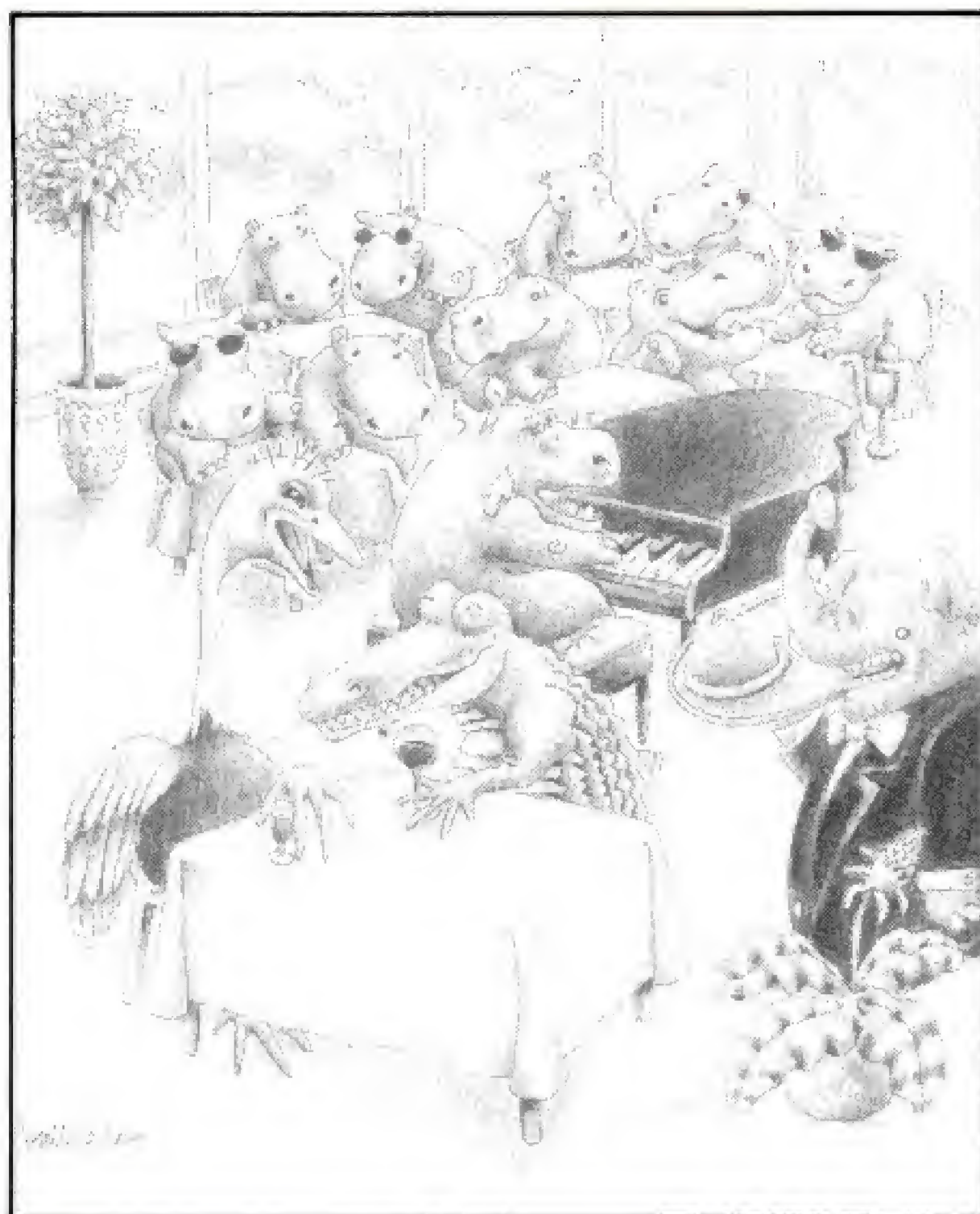
campaign theme the White House has been promising? Previous attempts—I Care, Change, Values, Trust—were just words, and words that lose all meaning when tripping over certain lips. ("You should say what you mean," the March Hare went on. "I do," Alice hastily replied. "At least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know.")

But "weird"—that *works* for this administration, thematically. How else to describe Marlin Fitzwater's explanation of the president's sympathy for his hypothetically abortion-seeking granddaughter? "What's he supposed to do," asked Fitzwater, floating a trial balloon, "chain her to a bed?" Or assistant secretary of State in charge of Bosnia Thomas Niles's telling Congress that there weren't any Serbian death-camp atrocities the day after State Department spokesman Richard Boucher told Congress there were Serbian death-camp atrocities? "Richard did

not say yesterday we have information," Niles explained, "he said we have *reports*."

Weirder than what the Republicans are saying is what they're strenuously *not*: Ed Meese assuring reporters that Reagan's "support of George Bush is absolutely not as lukewarm and halfhearted as it appears," a senior White House aide assuring reporters that "just let it be clear, by God, we *don't* think the president's economic program is a gimmick," the president himself assailing reporters and yelping, "I'm not going to take any sleazy questions like that....I will not respond to it....I haven't responded in the past. I don't like it and I'm not going to respond—other than to say it's a lie." We forget the question.

Things have gotten so weird, we don't know whom to believe. Some tabloid alleges that George Bush had an extramarital affair with a woman named Jennifer Fitzgerald. *Can you*



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believe it? Weirder and weirder. At the lying-to-Congress trial of former CIA No. 3 Clair George, one CIA agent on the witness stand was called Agent No. 6. The prosecutor began by establishing that this was just a pseudonym for the trial and that the agent, a woman, wasn't called No. 6 around the office. "It's not like, you know, Agent 007," said the prosecutor, "or Agent 99 from *Get Smart*, is it?" "No," she replied. "The CIA doesn't work that way." Weirdest. Campaigning in Illinois, former chief spook Bush gave a hypercryptic reply to reporters asking him about those nasty things reporters were writing about him. The president held up a half-eaten ear of corn and grinned. Secret CIA vegetable code for *I'm No. 1*?

Farther down the information-gathering food chain, Jim Jensen, an anchorman on CBS's New York affiliate who in the past has disappeared

from the airwaves to be treated for depression, recently disappeared for the first three-quarters of the *Sunday Morning News*, which he hosts. How come? "Haven't you ever heard of diarrhea?" Jensen snapped. More weird media excretion: Time Warner homey Ice-T can't say enough nice things about the Man, his employer. Time Warner executives were *so* supportive during his recent difficulties, he says. They were exceptionally supportive of his totally private and personal decision to recall his ode to copicide from record stores. ("Now! Now!" cried the Queen, "Faster! Faster!") "It's been incredible," the rapper swooned. "[Time Warner CEO] Jerry Levin wrote a letter to *The Wall Street Journal* that was the dopest shit I ever seen in my life."

Bush speechwriters take note: It's a New Weird Order, especially insofar as Asian heavy industry is concerned. In Tokyo, the Yokohama Rubber Company is recalling its

tires because the tread pattern resembles the Arabic word for *God*. (Free marketing advice: Next time, try for the face of Jesus.) In Borneo, they've discovered a low-sulfur coal that burns clean and might not kill the planet. As a Massachusetts utility executive told the *Times*, "It's weird."

Meanwhile, over in the Fourth Reich, where the dying Erich Honecker is about to go on trial for, oh, *something*, the former president of the former German Democratic Republic is being defended by a former East German TV pundit who claims Herr Honecker is being persecuted by "a cheap, meanspirited gang of small-minded people." *Sentence first—verdict afterwards* and *Chop off her head* are the famous quotations, but the best line in *Alice*—the product of an auteur who, like Woody Allen, had a repulsive fondness for pretty young girls—is not at all rash: "Everything's got a moral," the Duchess said, "if only you can only find it." If it isn't too late. ☾

LET'S PRETEND: SOMEONE VERY, VERY STUPID HAS BECOME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington

A political satire by Jamie Malanowski,
national editor of SPY Magazine

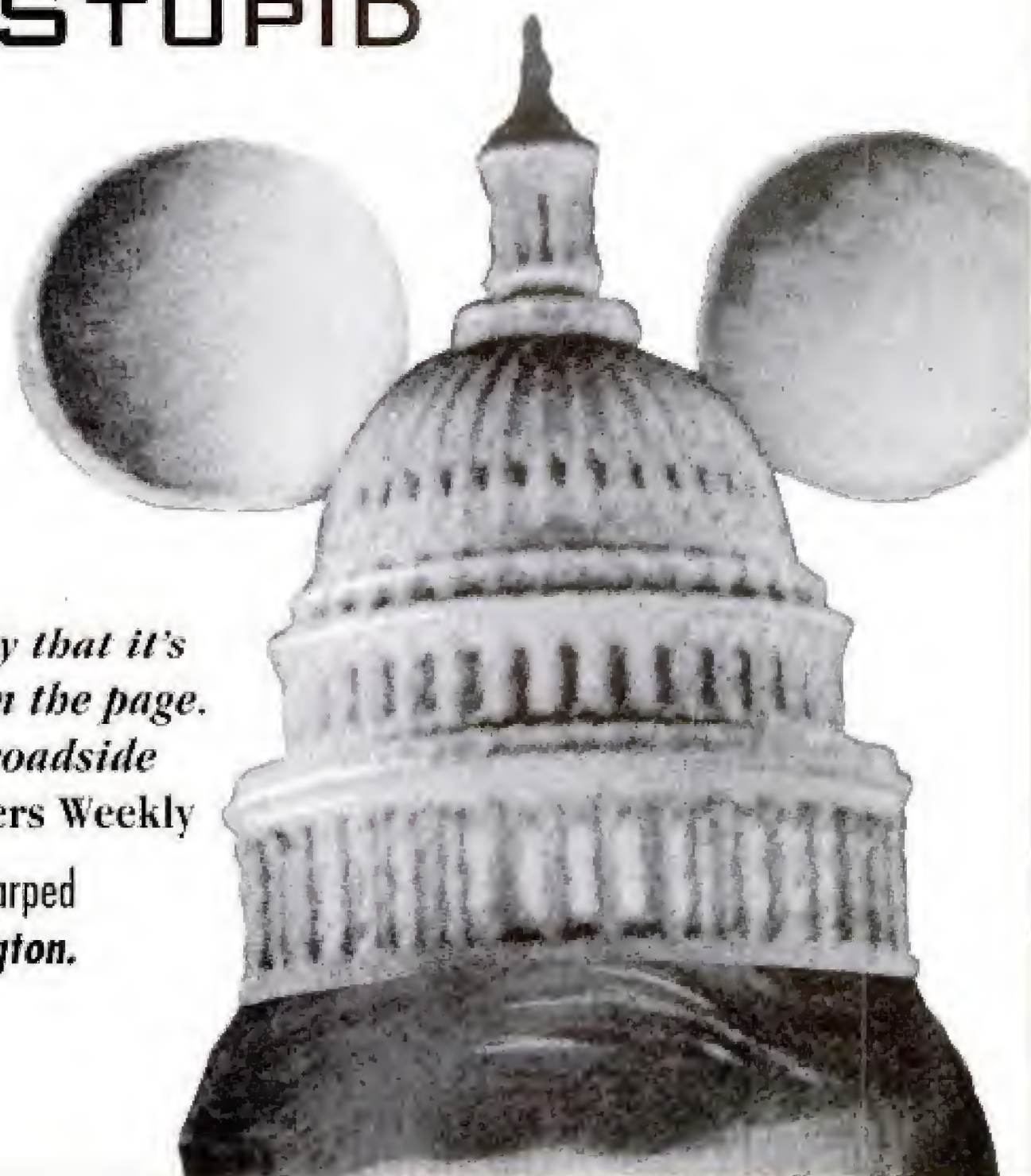
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From the SPY Mailroom



Letters of praise are fine. We are very happy to hear, for instance, that Dan Chariton of Wilkes-Barre finds SPY "far superior to *Leatherneck*." But what genuinely sets our hearts a-leapin' is any letter that begins, "I really hate your magazine." That's how Geneva Lewis of Norman, Oklahoma, prefaced her comments regarding an article about roadkill that ran nearly a year ago ("The Joy of—*Screech! Thud—Cooking*," by Tony Hendra, November 1991): "I have just one scenario to present to you: One day, you will be a very, very small person and squirrels will be very, very large. Squirrels will drive over you in a crunch of tires, leaving your blood-splattered, lifeless body on the curb....For people like you, words mean nothing. You have crossed the line too many times between what is sarcasm and what is hate." Actually, the line we thought we'd crossed in that article was between satire and prohibitively expensive art direction. But your scenario—didn't we see that one in an old EC comic?

Surprisingly, Ms. Lewis had nothing to say about April's "Let Them Eat Bunnies!" (by Andy Aaron and Joe Queenan). We do, however, have a new entry in the rodent-vs.-lagomorph debate (see Letters, July/August). Todd R. Disotell, assistant professor of anthropology at New York University, reasserts that rabbits belong to the order Lagomorpha, not the order Rodentia. In other Bunny Burger news, David Mabury of Little Rock says our product might have caught on if we'd test-marketed it in his neck of the woods: "We would indeed eat shit if it were fried and served with tomato relish." Really? Is your presidential candidate aware of this? ►

Letters to SPY

A Thousand Points

The July/August article "1,000 Reasons Not to Vote for George Bush" [by Larry Doyle, David Robb and Joe Conason] is a classic. Years from now, when the Republican Party's Reign of Terror has finished, I will pore over my dusty copy and show it to my grandchildren.

Scott Loughrey
Baltimore, Maryland

A masterpiece! Should be required reading for every voter—especially the night before we go to the polls.

Carol A. Zic
San Francisco, California

I fear that your important, thorough piece of reporting will be ignored by the timid ("cautious"?) mainstream media. If no one but SPY has the balls to pick through Poppy's dirty laundry, then chances are good for another four years.

Dave Reardon
Jersey City, New Jersey

Regretfully I must request a refund on my subscription. I could offer 1,000 reasons why you *should* vote for Mr. Bush: (1) He is the most qualified, experienced, capable candidate. (2) His wife is Barbara Bush. (3) He believes in the protection of *life*—not in murdering unborn children under the guise of "women's rights." My list could go on, but just as I didn't read all of your 1,000 reasons, I wouldn't expect you to read mine either.

G. J. Gerard
Hamden, Connecticut

Quite so.

You forgot my personal favorite reason not to vote for Bush: "I haven't

sorted out the penalties."—his answer in the 1988 presidential debates to the question of whether women seeking abortions and the doctors who performed them would face criminal charges if abortion were to become illegal.

Burl Ross
Lake Oswego, Oregon

No. 1,001: He didn't allow his own campaign volunteers in to see his election-night victory speech. I volunteered for the Bush campaign in Houston in 1988. On election night, we gathered at the Brown Convention Center to attend Bush's nationally televised victory speech, only to learn that admittance was limited to his wealthy contributors ("Team 100") and influential supporters bearing their *engraved invitations*. It still galls me that the impression given that evening on TV, of local campaign volunteers and "just-average citizens" cheering and waving banners for Bush, was a false one.

Phoebe Moody
Houston, Texas

Another reason: As a criminal investigator for the U.S. Customs Service, I was part of Vice President Bush's highly publicized "drug task force," comprising Customs, the DEA and the Coast Guard. Many times, other federal and state agencies joined in. When a seizure was made, each federal agency submitted a report. This meant each agency took credit for the seizure, so a 400-pound cocaine seizure was reported as at least a 1,200-pound seizure (three-agency minimum participation). The year-end "figures" were impressive, and Bush's program was hyped as very successful.

Ana M. Contreras
Miami, Florida

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FBI
would probably issue
some kind of
WARNING

In this column last April, MACFORCE Inc.—a computer support service based in midtown Manhattan—called on us to "band together" to save "our Nation's economy." We responded with the witty quip that we were fresh out of armbands. Now we have a new form letter from MACFORCE: "Through previous correspondence/communications opening the vestibules of the mind for greater insight that will take us steps beyond individual into collective consideration, we appreciate your kindling the mutual desire to work together with MACFORCE Professionals in the Temporary Marketplace." Did we say armbands? We meant handcuffs. It is not hard to imagine MACFORCE as a religious group based in midtown Seoul, particularly given the proposal we've received from just such a group. The World General Meeting of the International Full Gospel Church has written to recommend that George Bush and Boris "Yelchin" be given the Nobel Peace Prize. The best reason for this award, sayeth the church: "the Declaration of President Yelchin for the death sentence to the communism of the atheism that has been a cancerous existence for the peace of the world really is a sound of a bell and a good news of relief for the peace of human being of the world." An eloquent appeal, no doubt, but wasted on people like us, for whom words mean nothing.

This month's report from the seamy underside of the motion-picture business: an anonymously submitted copy of a Paramount casting call for body doubles to play a love scene in the film *Whispers in the Dark*. Wanted: a man with "minimal dirty blonde to brown chest hair (much less than say, Alec Baldwin)" and a woman who is "full-figured yet with very firm breasts. Breasts cannot be too pendulous or droopy." Agreed; but how much chest hair should she have?

Never mind. Isn't there any

The Bonesman

I loved your article on Bush's adultery thing ["No. 1: He Cheats On His Wife," by Joe Conason, July/August]. Your magazine characterized the Bush I always felt in my heart existed. Too bad one of his women will not come forward so the world can see for itself what Bush really means by family values.

Patricia Kameika
Bay Shore, New York

Please cancel my subscription immediately. If I'd wanted a cheap, rumor-driven trash magazine, I'd have subscribed to the *National Enquirer*. Although I probably won't vote for Bush, I am ashamed to be on the subscription list of a magazine that bathes in the gutter as you have in your trash-Bush issue.

Tom Wesson
La Jolla, California

They will ignore this the way they ignore every other Bush scandal, but thank you for at least putting the information out there.

Lina Accurso
Port Chester, New York

What slimy cesspool did you scumbags crawl out of? Only the most noxious lowlifes would publish the filth contained in your vicious smear of President Bush. If the stories are true, then you are merely pathetic jealous adolescents envious of the sexual attractiveness of a rich, handsome, powerful man years your senior whom you don't have what it takes to emulate.

But most horrible of all, you trendy elitist shits don't give a damn about the pain and hurt you have caused to our president's loving family and devoted friends. The kind of sick, perverted mentality displayed in your trashy tabloid is eroding our entire society. Your sleazy, infantile cruelty is beneath contempt.

Linda Warren
Arlington, Virginia

Beneath contempt? So why the letter? ➔

pertinent mail? Regarding recent *SPY* articles? Of course there is. Suzy Parker Dillman of Santa Barbara passes along a unique addition to our catalog of congressional check-kiting excuses ("Deadbeats!," by Chip Rowe, July/August). According to the *Los Angeles Times*, "Robert Dornan, R-Garden Grove, said he wrote a single bad check for stones while building a grotto as a shrine to the Virgin Mary in his backyard." We assume he was praying for reelection. Yet another southern California reader enjoyed July/August's "1,000 Reasons Not to Vote for George Bush" but wants to know "what happened to Nos. 136, 194, 294, 370, 468, 548, 674, 743, 796 and 910." As careful *SPY* readers know, these reasons were cleverly concealed—in large type stretching across the top and bottom of each page.

"Not so fast, dudes," cautions Scott Becker of L.A. regarding our dismissing as "improbable" the name of reader Napoleon St. Cyr (this column, July/August). "I had a sixth-

grade teacher named Napoleon St. Cyr, known for saying 'damn' in front of the kids, forbidding James Brown records in class and looking a bit like Richard Nixon." We would certainly like to know if this is our man, but, Scott, you might be a little more selective in your presentation of incriminating character traits. Although *SPY* cannot condone swearing in front of children or resembling Richard Nixon, we wouldn't want you playing "Sex Machine" during one of our lectures either.

And Danielle L. Fischer of Portland, Oregon, wants us to say hello to a Denver friend of hers, improbably named Bill Wanker. How fortunate that for people like us, words—even *wanker*—mean nothing.

In bookstores now! *Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington*, the hilarious first novel by *SPY* national editor Jamie Malanowski. *SPY* readers know Malanowski as a consummate humor professional. (They may also know the title of his book as the title of an unrelated January 1989 cover story; it

was lent to him gratis.)

CORRECTION

In Reason No. 948 of August's "1,000 Reasons Not to Vote for George Bush," we incorrectly described the publishers of *Sex Respect*, a federally funded anti-premarital-sex publication for teenagers. The group has no religious affiliation.

Photographs Wanted

SPY is accepting submissions for a new Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of *SPY* Corporation, and may be published by *SPY* in any form. *SPY* is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, *SPY*, The *SPY* Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

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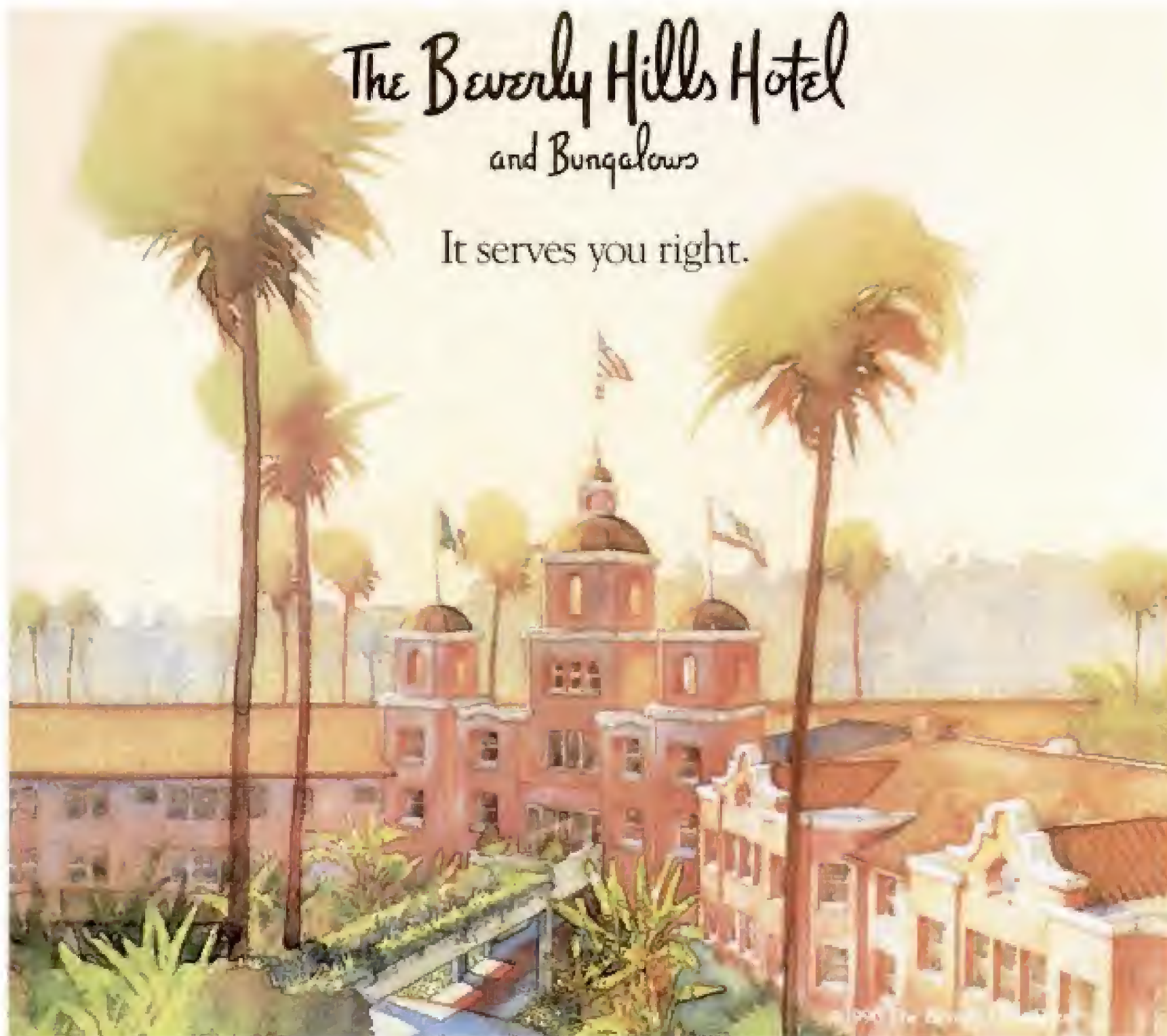
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Elaine Alimonti
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Adam Dolgins
MARKETING MANAGER

Jeff Wellington Julie Krumholz
Michael Collins (New York, 212-633-6550)
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Forged Papers

The *New York Times* parody you distributed at the Democratic convention is yet another example of how, in a time when there are so many things to make one sad, you continue to make me laugh. Bravo!

Valerie Sands

Chicago, Illinois

For those readers who did not attend the convention in New York, we should explain that one night SPY distributed a fake early edition of the Times. The main headline—PEROT SET TO PICK TV'S OPRAH WINFREY AS RUNNING MATE—caused consternation among delegates and journalists. Another story—PEROT HID MOTHER IN ATTIC YEARS AFTER HER DEATH—arguably led to Perot's withdrawal the following day.

Just a note to express my admiration of your *New York Times* parody, with its deft, skillful and hilarious send-up of my heavy-breathing, multi-adjectived op-ed pieces. Naturally, I especially loved your plump, sumptuous, supersexed vaginal turkeys!

SPY is also to be commended for its uncanny acuity in getting my politics right. While *The Village Voice* doggedly tries to tar me as a neoconservative and the establishment feminists hysterically call me Phyllis Schlafly, SPY intuited that I am partial to Jesse Jackson (whom I voted for in the 1988 primary) and that I support Bill Clinton.

Your shrewd political judgment is a most welcome relief from the usual cricket chorus of shrill, scratchy squeals.

Camille Paglia

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Stainmasterpiece

I too thought that Paloma Picasso was it—the end of the line, so to speak ["The Descent of Man," by James Collins, June]—until I spotted an ad in the *Times* hawking Claude Picasso's carpets. "Son of Pablo," the copy says, and "shapes and colors that only a Picasso could dream up."

One anticipates the day when Claude's children can stomach no more of Dad's empty Grandfather-this and Grandfather-that stories, when they pause in merrymaking on Dad's deep-shag originals to realize that it's now their turn to plumb the depths of the Picasso legacy.

Paul Maliszewski

Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Other Voices, Other Letters

Are you folks tired of overly sensitive, self-righteous whiners writing you every time their political correctness is affronted? I am, too—so I'll try not to whine.

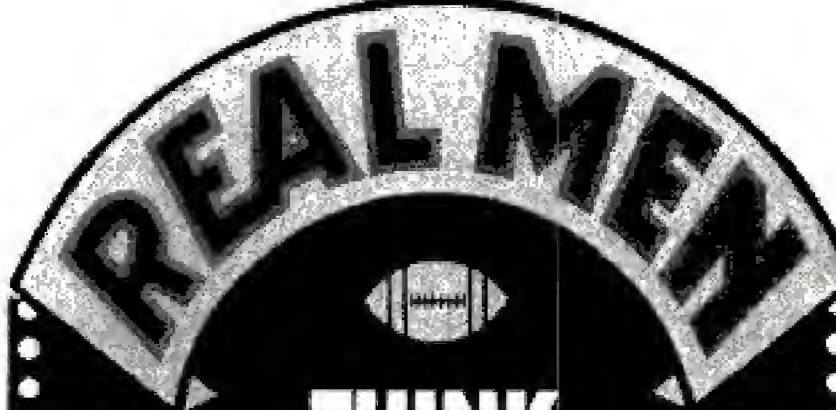
I enjoy your magazine very much, so I thought I would drop a note regarding the Laureen Hobbs Webs column in the May issue. Hobbs refers to Barry Diller, David Geffen, Sandy Gallin and Howard Rosenman as part of a "powerful gay tong." First off, why "tong," and second, what does their homosexuality have to do with anything? Don't get me wrong, I am all for gay visibility in the press, especially regarding Hollywood—but if she had referred to a "Jewish enclave" or "black gang," I'm sure you would be getting a lot of letters. I'd like to assume she is simply making unnecessary reference to a group of businessmen's life-style, and not to some sort of menace that needs to be disclosed.

Ned Morgan


Seattle, Washington

No implication of menace was intended. And yes, we're sure you're right that a mention of Jewishness or blackness would also have prompted letters—but if it were relevant, we'd have mentioned it. These men's gayness is a, if not the, basis of their powerful professional relationship. And tong is simply fresher than mafia.

Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.



THINK OF IT AS SHOCK THERAPY FOR ALL THOSE WHINING, CO-DEPENDENT, ROLLERBLADING BONDERS OUT THERE.




by BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

A TRADE PAPERBACK

We all know that in the '80s they didn't eat quiche. But what are Real Men like today? Modern masculinity is so complex, you need a good, simple, no-holds-barred book to get you through this age of cellular phones, advertorials, and phone sex. REAL MEN DON'T BOND, by the same guy who brought you *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*, has all the answers.

COMING IN OCTOBER!



DON'T BOND

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Top Ten Reasons Not to Work for Letterman

David Letterman was not happy with his sandwich. He had always been a little obsessive about such things, and it was not uncommon for the very tightly wound talk show host to send his lunch back whence it came, insisting that they had somehow got the order wrong. This time, however, he had already returned the sandwich three times. Still—son of a bitch—they had botched it again. *Send it back*, Letterman demanded.

He has always been a fussbudget—he must lunch at *precisely* the same hour each day, and he *always* swims a certain number of laps each evening after the show is taped—but with just six months to go before his \$7-million-a-year contract with NBC finally expires, Letterman is pushing his notorious crankiness into overdrive. To some extent, of course, a bad attitude is what makes him the most interesting performer on TV. But on the air, Letterman has a stable of writers to help transform his pathological angst and irritability into humor. Off the air, it is those writers—along with local delicatessen workers—who must cope with his pathological angst and irritability.

By the time *Late Night* head writer Steve O'Donnell was encouraged to step down this past summer after an amazingly lengthy eight-year tenure, he had become practically the only writer Letterman would even talk to. O'Donnell (who was to return as a staff writer in September) found himself in the position of carrying messages between the capricious, reclusive star and the other writers, and those messages were increasingly frustrating and unpleasant. Letterman has got into the habit of rejecting material at the last minute, even when he had approved it earlier. In order to maintain this luxury, he has been demanding that his writers produce a vast surplus of completed comic material from which he can pick and choose—five

times as much as is necessary, some burned-out writers reckon. In other words, several complete *Late Night* shows are being written for each one that gets on the air.

In a somewhat ham-fisted attempt to shape the material written for him, he has also placed ever-narrowing restrictions on the sorts of comedy he'll do. The on-the-street tape pieces that were his trademark are increasingly rare. There's just no pleasing Dave. And bouncing ideas off the boss before developing them is often out of the question, since Letterman spends a lot of his time at home and has expressly forbidden his employees to call him there.

One reason he may be giving his writers such a hard time is that he feels stuck in a creative rut. After a decade on *Late Night*, he is enervated, yet he has decided it's the only format—not movies (despite his Disney development deal), not sit-

coms—that makes sense for him.

Earlier this year, Letterman hired *The Tonight Show's* Peter Lassally to be executive producer alongside Robert "Morty" Morton. Lassally had been Letterman's constant long-distance confidant for years. Why not sack Morton? Because Dave is nonconfrontational, and because Morty has no real creative input into the show anyway, serving mainly as a celebrity-schmoozer and expensive, mostly off-camera sidekick. Among Dave and Morty's shared interests, apparently, is eyeing young women. Morty, who has dated Teri Garr and Bianca Jagger, is renowned for his enterprise as a single guy.

Dave has always kept a squad of slavish, perky young female assistants on hand, at least one of whom—*bello*, Woody—the star deflowered.

When he's off the NBC reservation, Letterman's shenanigans are relatively good-natured. He is said to have phoned his pal Tom Snyder's just-canceled Los Angeles-based talk radio show occasionally, pretending to be a swishy

caller from the Midwest. (It's a shtick: When phoning a woman who had once worked for him, Letterman would pose as a foreigner, and refuse to step out of character.) Recently in L.A., Letterman and Morton were kept waiting for an



With just six months to go before he leaves NBC, Dave is pushing his notorious crankiness into overdrive

audience with Creative Artists Agency führer Mike Ovitz, his newish agent. Rather than sitting quietly in the churchlike hush of the CAA waiting area, he clowned around, reportedly at one point wandering through the reception area and coyly calling, *Mr. Ovitz, Mr. Ovitz.*

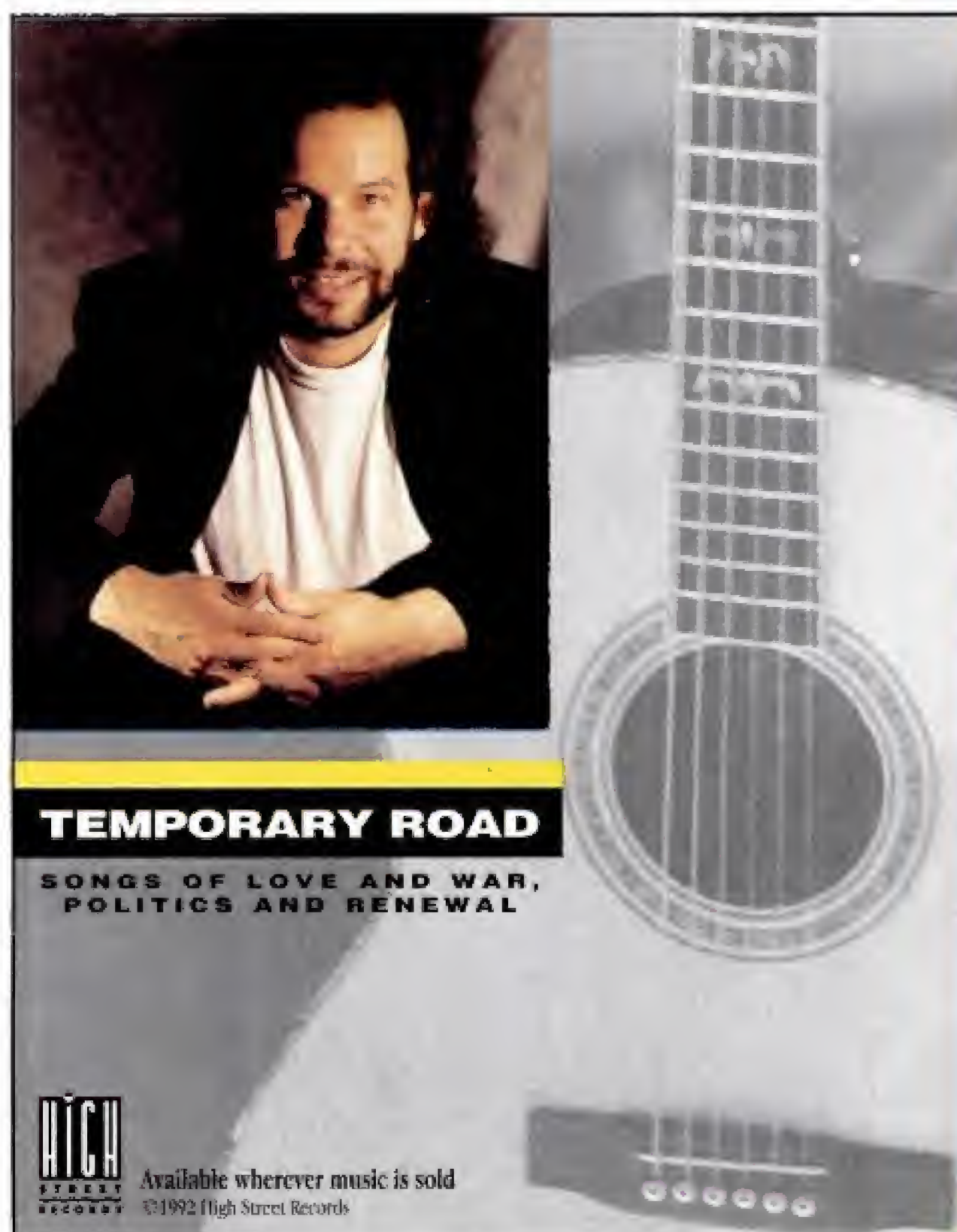
If Letterman is joyful only outside NBC, then 1993 should be his year to get happy. And the feeling seems to be mutual. Whatever kind of deal Ovitz arranges for Letterman—ABC, Fox and syndication are contenders—he will not be missed at 30 Rock. Ironically, the big bosses at General Electric in Fairfield, Connecticut, like Dave's teasing of them (a tape of his *Roger and Me*-like assault on their corporate headquarters has become part of GE management classes). But at NBC in Burbank and New York, network executives now grimly and routinely talk about Dave as if he

were already gone. It was not—er, *will not be* an amicable parting.

Every interesting new comedy, it sometimes seems, is the work of former Letterman writers, *The Simpsons* and *The Larry Sanders Show* being notable examples. *Late Night* and *Married...With Children* alumnus Kevin Curran had been creating a show under consideration at Fox called *Circus*, about a clown-wanna-be who has just joined a struggling three-ring troupe. Over the summer, the show's production company and financier, Columbia Pictures Television, called Curran in for a chat. Columbia had a problem: With only a few episodes written and the main characters barely established, the executives felt that the scripts were already focusing too much on secondary players. *But it's supposed to be an evolving ensemble comedy*, Curran told the group, like *Taxi*. *Maybe so*, parried one of the executives, *but there's a difference. Taxi had*

Judd Nelson. Curran could not contain himself: *It was Judd Hirsch, you fucking moron*. In short order, production on *Circus* was suspended, and Curran was gone.

Another installment in our continuing series on Peter Jennings's obsession with the social implications of human skin (The Usual Suspects, September): Shortly before the Republican National Convention, the ABC anchorman checked into the hospital to have several benign cysts removed from his face. Perhaps worried that people were beginning to believe he was actually a talented newscaster and not just a pretty boy, Jennings told the plastic surgeons that while they were operating, they might as well do a little cosmetic eye-pouch improvement. Following the surgery, Jennings took a two-and-a-half-week holiday in Canada, then returned to New York healthy and even more perfect-looking than when he left. —Laureen Hobbs



John Gorka

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Rolling Stone

"Mr. Gorka mesmerizes. His brand of humor makes listeners laugh from the gut, taking the bitter edge off his biting, poignant song-poems."
New York Times

"I'm from New Jersey. I don't expect much."
John Gorka

Temporary Road, the new album, featuring a cast of supporting players that includes Nanci Griffith, John Leventhal, Richard Tee, Sean Hopper, and others.

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ON TOUR NOW

Now Appearing on Capitol Hill: the *Real* Bob Roberts

In the Hollywood of high concepts, the idea behind *Bob Roberts*—a right-wing folksinger who's running for the U.S. Senate—seemed sufficiently esoteric that Tim Robbins needed six years to get the picture made. Even then, it took all the credit he amassed from *The Player* to get the film distributed. Perhaps the idea of the character just seemed too preposterous. Or too much like Dana Rohrabacher. That is, Representative Dana Rohrabacher, the right-wing folksinging congressman from Orange County, California.

Rohrabacher has always seemed a bit anomalous among his fellows in the GOP. A self-described "new-wave conservative," Rohrabacher is youngish (45), bearded and strenuously hip. Of course, none of these attributes is mutually exclusive with being a Republican—it's just that he seems so *energetic* for the blue-anchors-on-lime-green-golf-pants set. And yet there he was, speechwriting for Ronald Reagan; becoming pals with Oliver North; getting elected to Congress in 1988.

Since then he has bashed the NEA, backed the "zero tolerance" approach to the drug war and supported a constitutional amendment to ban flag-burning. But Rohrabacher wasn't always such a hard-liner, as a tape we obtained of the future congressman performing his songs at a long-forgotten gathering in 1980 shows. Back then, Rohrabacher the folksinger scorned flag-wavers:

Damn, damn, damn the man/Who put the rag on the pole,/He called that rag his country's flag,/And started to control....

He also had something less than an absolutist position against drug use:

You can't legislate my morals,/Or anything I do,/I can have my pot, or have my girl,/Because I'm not screwing you.

Today Rohrabacher supports limiting domestic spending, while favor-

ing a strong military. In 1980, Rohrabacher's disdain for poverty pimps and the Pentagon were approximately equal:

Well, he don't care who the hell runs,/He's the one who gets the poverty funds,/He helps the poor, wherever they are,/He goes out to find 'em in his brand-new car..../There's the Pentagon with bureaucracy,/It takes a lot of generals to keep us free,/With shiny shoes and medals on their chests,/They're protectin' us from behind their desks,/Oh, a million dollars is a damned cheap plane,/But it still gets me to my golf game,/Oh, I need a caddy, I know what I'll do/I'll ask Congress and they'll draft you!

Rohrabacher even had critical words for the LAPD:

I'm Jack Webb and I patrol the gay bar/I trap 'em in the act, and show

'em my star/So if you get robbed while I'm on my beat,/At least you're not being bothered/By a queer in the street./I'm Jack Webb and I stand for decency,/By confiscatin' movies that I wanna see,/Well, the boys and I have fun/Watchin' confiscated flicks,/We know that they are dirty,/Cause we think with our...heads.

Finally, he extolled the virtues of no government at all:

It's the politician's job to watch his flock,/With FBI, IRS, with drug laws, and no-knock,/You must obey the laws. Yeah, that's democracy,/And all of this would pass away, if we had anarchy.



Rohrabacher and "Roberts"

"I can have my pot, or have my girl," Rohrabacher sang, "because I'm not screwing you"

young libertarian," he explains. "By the late eighties I'd become a grateful patriot. I have no apologies to make. I really love this country, warts and all."

Discussing his music, he admits that his singing has always been

At Rohrabacher's Capitol Hill office, where the aides who are around late on a Friday idle in the hallway, drinking Coors under autographed photos of Sammy Hagar and Oliver North, the congressman amiably owns up to his folksinging past but insists it be put in perspective.

"When you're young, you focus on the flaws in your society, and I was an angry

"bullshit." "I was never any good," he readily admits. "I used to perform once in a while at a Huntington Beach coffeehouse, because if you had the nerve to get up and sing, they'd let you in for free." The high point of his career may have come the night he opened for Linda Ronstadt and the Stone Poneys. "She was wearing only a T-shirt and jeans," Rohrabacher notes. "I was in love with her for the next two years."

Perhaps sensing that he is in the presence of a fellow music lover, or maybe just to prove that his songwriting has been no more static than his political philosophy, Rohrabacher—sitting in his office in the Longworth House Office Building, across the street from the Capitol Building—actually pulls an acoustic guitar from behind his desk and begins to sing some of his more recent compositions. Softly, with his aide Rick Dykema doing harmony, Rohrabacher sings one that he last performed, he says, at a "chili cook-off...for all these rednecks":

God bless America, God bless our freedom,
God bless the people who work every day,
God bless the folks who built this great country,
God bless our rights to speak and to pray...
It's a land of milk and honey!

He then sings his tribute to the heroes of Desert Storm:

Welcome home to the Marines,
Who are always Semper Parati,
To the soldiers and sailors,
Who went to do or to die,
To the men who manned the Patriots,
And blew the Scuds to hell.

Rohrabacher, who has two unproduced screenplays to his credit, has never heard of *Bob Roberts* but does not expect much from Hollywood, where, he understands, smug liberalism prevails. "I remember a TV series a while back where there was this congressman who was also a surfer," an annoyed Rohrabacher says. "But since the congressman was this hip guy, they of course had to make him a Democrat."

—Alan Pell Crawford

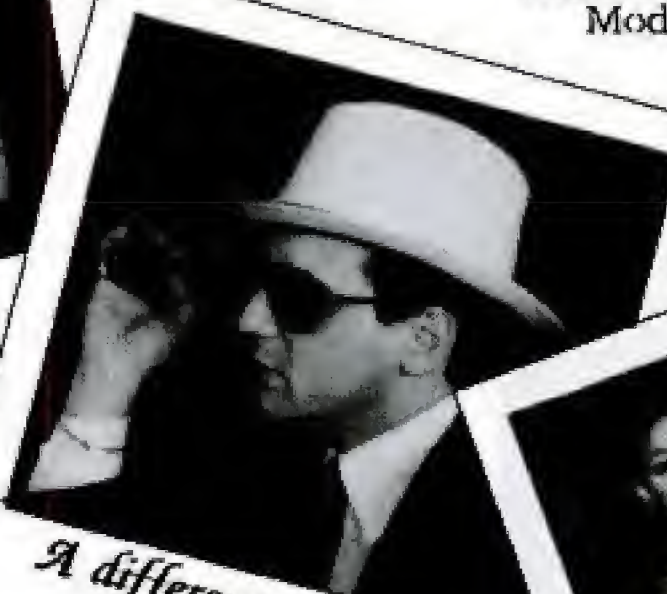
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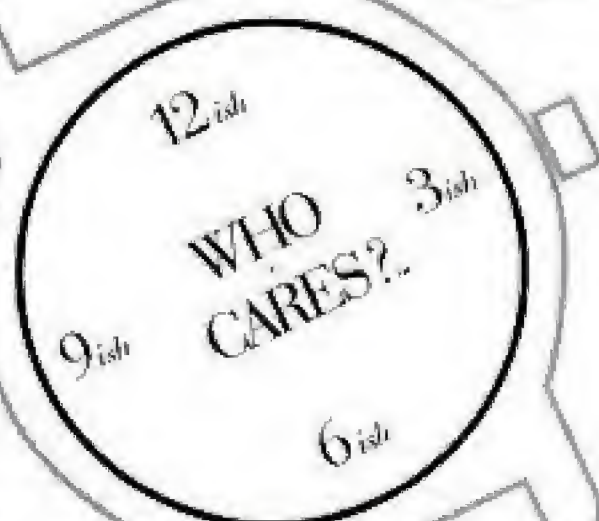
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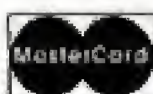
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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Foulmouthed left-wing radio personality **Casey Kasem** decided to do something nice, in a publicity-generating sort of way, for his daughter Liberty's second birthday. At a party putatively in her honor, to which Kasem had invited megastars such as **David Hasselhoff**, the highlight was supposed to be a trained sea lion, rented for a large sum of money from an institution that does not normally loan out its animals. As guests looked on aghast, Kasem's dainty, heart-shaped swimming pool, in which the animal was performing, turned a deep shade of sea-lion-excrement brown.



Diane

excitable as **Sylvester Stallone**. After Brown called the homunculus action figure "a joke" in a TV interview, he reportedly fumed to a friend, *If I'm ever at a party with that bitch, I'll kill her.*

3

Especially at this time of year, window-shopping is the favorite pastime of all New Yorkers, and one romantic evening recently, **Mike Nichols**



Casey

and **Diane Sawyer** gazed for a long time at the pricey wares of a store on Madison Avenue. They stared bewitched as Mike put his arm around Diane, and

Diane put her arm around Mike; she nuzzled his shoulder, and he kissed her brow. They were not looking into an antiques store, however, or a boutique, but rather into Lobel's, a fashionable butcher. *Let's skip the movie*, one spouse must have said to the other over dinner, *and just go look at some meat.*

4

There were no defecating aquatic mammals at the party **Tina Brown** threw as her last act as *Vanity Fair's* editor—the sea lion would have never *dared*. During her final days at *Vanity Fair*, Tina's tradition of petty micro-management was carried on against *VF* cover girl **Ivana Trump** after she splashed herself on the covers of *Penthouse* and *Lear's*. When Mrs. Trump's people asked Tina's people for a few free copies, they were told no—they would have to go out and buy them. A few weeks earlier, when Brown and the artsy Bravo cable network were cohosting a party, some little nobody from Bravo sent her a pre-party note addressing the most famous editor in America simply as "Tina." Brown was made apoplectic by the presumption and actually had an assistant call Bravo and berate them for the lapse. Fortunately for Brown, Ivana isn't as



Tina

Not long before the most recent MacArthur Foundation genius grants were announced, liberal journalist **Michael Massing** received an extremely curious phone call from failed drug czar and right-wing would-be president **William Bennett**. *I just wanted to tell you that the MacArthur people called me about giving you a grant*, Bennett growled. *I told them not to do it. So you'll probably get it.* He did. ☺

He Is Outta Here! The Final Days of Dennis Miller

What may be the first Dennis Miller nostalgia item arrived at SPY late this summer: the testimonial of THOMAS MASON, who spent the show's last days faithfully documenting Miller's most salient attributes as a performer—obsessive hair-fussing and Evian-swigging.

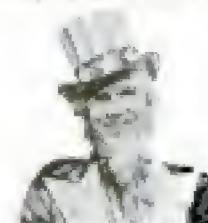
Monday, July 20 Dennis takes swig of Evian (to announcer Nick Bakay: "We got canceled, Nick... I, uh..."). Sweeps both hands through hair, talks, then with one hand sweeps fully through hair again. Talks. Takes second swig of Evian, talks, third swig, commercials.... Pair of one-handed full sweeps ("Let's not get too funny and gregarious this last week, Nick, uh...") and fourth Evian swig.... Fifth swig, one-handed full sweep, talk, two one-handed full sweeps ("Join me Thursday night—when my guests will be, uh, Bette Midler, Robin Williams and... I'm just yanking you").

Ends on tenth sweep. **Tuesday, July 21** Long Evian swig, wipes mouth with hand, longer swig, slams bottle on desk.... Quick sweep and scratch followed by fluff of back portion of hair.... New bottle of Evian, deep swig, talk. Sweep (guest sings, "I think your hair is pretty"), hair shake, one and a half sweeps, quarter sweep, commercial. Sweep, scratch, double talk-sweep, swig.... **Wednesday, July 22**... One-handed full sweep and talk (to cue-card person: "Come over here and stand in the shot, dammit.

We got canceled, what does it matter?"). Slams down Evian bottle, spills.... Two-handed sweep-and-scratch combination, talk.... **Thursday, July 23**... Throws full Evian bottle toward back of stage. Sweep, scratch ("Everything's the last something, uh..."). Three sweeps, scratch and talk... two sweeps, scratch, talk, sweep-scratch ("We want to make it as hard as we can on the people that canceled us").... Sweep and talk, sweep, scratch, sweep, talk, sweep. **Friday, July 24** Sweep, scratch, sweep ("...I just want to say that I take none of this lightly... I'm, uh..."). Commercial. Sweep, talk, sweep, swig, talk, swig, commercial....

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



The Land of the Free

Many times, successful professionals are asked why they wanted to work at the jobs they hold. The answers they give are usually earnest and unsurprising: excitement, personal fulfillment, the chance to earn a living wage. All these reasons are important, of course, but seldom is one of the most compelling reasons mentioned: *In certain occupations, when there is a big event, those in attendance get free stuff.* Here is a list of items

that attendees at some of last summer's major events received gratis.

Members of the media who attended the Democratic National Convention in New York last July received a *New York Times* nylon duffel bag; a CNN cloth book bag; a New York Telephone charge card, worth \$1; a Visitors' Consumer Tips card ("Pay only the meter amount. The charge is for the taxi; it is not a per person charge"); a Roosevelt Hospital medical-hot-▶

Private Lives of Public Figures



Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson spend some quality time with their children at a Lakers game.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

lines wallet card, featuring the instruction "DIAL 911"; and a coupon for 10 percent off purchases at Herman's World of Sporting Goods stores.

Delegates to the Republican National Convention in Houston last August received a bolo tie; several HOWDY FROM HOUSTON postcards; a baseball hat; a golf cap; a TEXAS pin; several VIP gift bags and tote bags; sunglasses; binoculars; two cassettes of country-and-western music; a bandanna; a Compaq hand fan; a coffee mug; a HOUSTON OILERS drinking glass; a Helene Curtis health-and-beauty gift pack; Jhirmack hair-care samples; a HOUSTON SKYLINE photo album; an OILERS pin; First Interstate Bank key chains; Arthur Andersen and Foley's department store T-shirts; HOUSTON WELCOME memo pads; Christmas cards; jalapeño suckers; Nuprin; Tylenol; Theragran-M; Maalox tablets; and Therapeutic mineral ice.

Delegates also received a daily gift package. On Sunday they got a fruit basket and a bottle of Texas wine; on Monday, 11 kinds of Nabisco snacks; on Tuesday, a Plexiglas boot filled with M&M's and Mars candies; on Wednesday, a Risk board game and sparkling water; and Thursday, fortune cookies and a Y'ALL COME BACK! balloon.

The members of the U.S. delegation to the Olympics in Barcelona received a sundry bag; a fanny pack; a camera; ►

Leader of Free World Seeks Babe SPY Plays Matchmaker

We were neither shocked nor especially disturbed by revelations that Bill Clinton and George Bush have had extramarital affairs. We did wonder, however, exactly which kind of women would find these two attractive. To find out, we placed the following personal ads in two New York City weekly newspapers.

BILL CLINTON: NINE LETTERS

THE RUNNERS-UP:

Inês is nice enough to send a photo (though perhaps it shouldn't have featured that crushed-velvet tiger-print sofa so prominently), but her interests ("I like Walks on the beach travelling cooking movies") are neither interesting nor well punctuated. **Milla**—34, blond, European—has a refreshingly loose grasp of the English language ("I'm interested in meet a special man...for spend nice time with") but admits, "I'm married, but unhappy." Bill apparently likes his affairs incidental to a happy marriage, not the result of an unhappy one. **Virginia** does not "use illegal mind-altering substances," but we suspect Bill would not be quite venturesome enough to date an ex-circus performer who now studies karate and teaches dentistry. **Carol**, with her "art, film and broadcast journalism background," and **Linda**, who loves "theatre," sound a little too much like dirty-tricks attempts to set Bill up with members of the cultural elite. **Pamela** is a freelance fashion designer, a presumptive turnoff for Bill, who is attracted to women without fashion sense. **Norma** expresses a feeling we've heard a lot during this campaign: "I'm more concerned with your personality and character than [with] your success. Who is that man behind the Georgetown/Oxford education? Is he as impressive as his credentials?" **Kathy** seems promising. Her letter, in cursive type, has the right mix of sultry ("I give pleasure, not embarrassment"; signed, "Love and lust") and sensitive ("stepdad died in 1985"). What disqualifies Kathy, however, is that she sent a prac-

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similar tastes 01
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who like dogs, winters on the Potomac,
summers in Maine. WASP a +. 26075
OK! Stop playing
ing. u.

tically identical letter to a certain tall, trim, active, 20-years-old white guy.

THE MATCH: "A" sounds very businesslike—indeed, Gennifer-like—when she writes, "I would like to state that I am very capable of fulfilling your wildest fantasies." Presumably she has a seven-point plan for accomplishing this.

GEORGE BUSH: FIVE LETTERS THE RUNNERS-UP:

Kathy. The Kathy who shares the same life story and expresses the same "love and lust" for George's rival. Her notion of country music is not quite Lee Greenwood: "I love Jibaro, saw Jimmy Cliff at Ritz, Iris Chacon at Ballroom...." **Susan** sends an alluring photo but misreads George egregiously. "You sound like a true hedonist—someone that I could truly enjoy," she writes. "**HW**" is half Austrian and says she is "mature," but her salutation—"Oh! How I long for the freedom that might have been mine!"—puts us off. We are at first delighted to open a letter that begins, "Hi! My name is **Barbara**," and our hearts race when we read, "I am happiest when I'm near water." But what exactly does "I've been described as WASPish" mean? And a Brooklyn return address? Wait a minute, this isn't *our* Barbara.

THE MATCH: A real WASP at last. **Dorothy's** "mother's ancestors helped settle Jamestown in Virginia."

—Daniel Radosh

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THIS MAY BE YOUR ONLY
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Due to incredible demand, you may not be able to find this season's Swatch Chrono, a fully functional stopwatch, at your local Swatch dealer. Be patient. More will soon arrive. But, while you wait, may we suggest you strap one of these on for size.

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CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINES



CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINES



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a calculator; an alarm clock; a sport watch; a wallet; sunglasses; shampoo; hair conditioner; Keri body lotion; a medical kit; astringent; Scope mouthwash; hand soap; toothpaste; a toothbrush; sponsor pins; team pins; sunscreen; a bath towel; a beach towel; a washcloth; a bathrobe; a laundry bag; a water bottle; lip protector; a pen; a toilet kit containing shaving cream, a razor and deodorant; luggage tags; a sewing kit; foot powder; lip balm; and facial tissue.

For the opening ceremonies, women received a blazer, culottes, shirt, scarf, hosiery and shoes; men received a blazer, shirt, pants, tie, hat, belt, socks and shoes. For traveling and leisurewear, USOC delegates received a twill jacket, three polo shirts, five pairs of shorts, six T-shirts, a pair of flip-flops, a large duffel bag, a Gore-tex jacket and pants, a fleece jacket and pants, two tank tops, six pairs of socks, two hats, a garment bag and running shoes. Additionally, athletes, coaches and staff received special warm-up suits to wear during medal and media events. Finally, after the Olympics, all members of the Games were sent a ring and a Seiko watch; the athletes also received a commemorative jacket. ☾

October Datebook

Enchanting and

Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Grand opening of the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport. According to a brochure, one of



however, the celebratory spirit is undimmed.

9 John Lennon would have been 52, but he's dead.



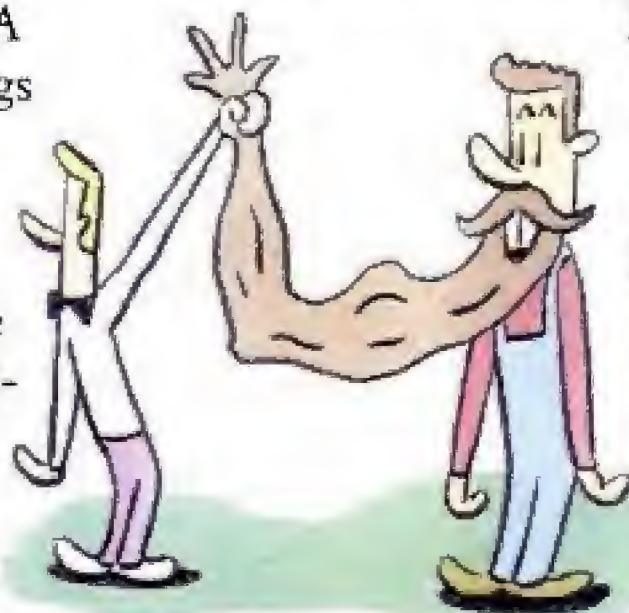
the highlights of the project is that "it will cost only 25 cents to place a call to downtown Pittsburgh on one of the estimated 800 public telephones." It also notes that "Greater Pitt" is technically not a new airport "because existing runways will be used." For those irrepressible Pittsburghians,

10 Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, annual beard contest. A Berkeley Springs tourism agent says all the judges are women because "women consider beards rather magical, while men all can do it so they don't...." A fact that should also be kept in

mind when planning that annual orgasm contest.

12 Columbus Day, finally.

15 Dalton, Georgia, hometown of Marla Maples and the carpet-manufacturing capital of America, hosts the National Fiber Arts Competition. According to Betsy at the Dalton Chamber of Commerce, the city is better known for its fibers than for



Maples. When asked if she thought Marla

could compete as a fiber artist, Betsy said, "I don't know....I've never met her."

16 National Boss Day. Winner of America's Most Overworked Executive Contest announced. It is not Jann Wenner.

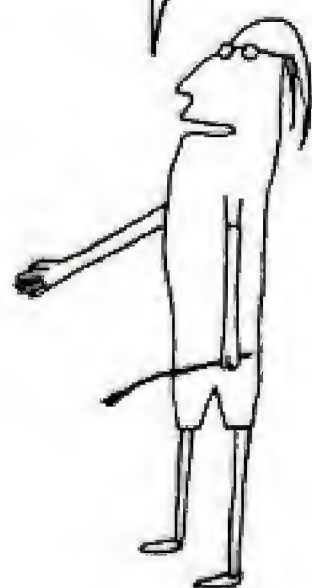
18 Pam Dawber turns 41. Eerily, Robin Williams is just weeks away from his 41st birthday.

22 Seasonal opening of Miami's largest haunted house, billed as "20 rooms filled with live monsters," at the Gold Coast Railroad Museum. Until last year the house

was run by Youth for Christ, which quit, according to a spokesperson, because "a haunted house is not the most positive way to teach about Christ."

31 Halloween. A Brooklyn festival features a haunted walk through Prospect Park "with many scary surprises." Okay. But what makes it "haunted"? ☾

can I have a grant so I can finish my art?



CLOWN AROUND

GOIN' PLACES with SPY and THE BIG APPLE CIRCUS

What has:

*A whole lot of
makeup, strange
costumes, a
menagerie of
exotic animals
from around
the world, and a
zillion sequins?*

- (A) Elvis
- (B) Michael Jackson
- (C) The Big Apple Circus

If you answered B or C, you're right.

However, only C has all this fun conveniently located under one five-story tent!

SPY and The Big Apple Circus invite you to enter their Guest Ringmaster Contest! Simply send us your name, address and daytime phone number and we'll enter you to win a chance to run away with America's premier one ring circus. Enter today!

GRAND PRIZE

One three-day, two night trip for two to New York City; includes two tickets to the Big Apple Circus, accommodations at the Radisson Empire Hotel and dinner for two at Houlihan's. Trip must be taken between November 1 and January 10, 1993. Blackout dates will apply. (Air travel not included)

FIRST PRIZE 15 Spy Frisbees

SECOND PRIZE 10 Big Apple Circus T-shirts

Official Rules

1. Hand-print your complete name, address and daytime telephone number on a plain 3"x5" card.
 2. Mail your entry to: Big Apple Circus Contest, c/o Spy, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Entries must be postmarked by October 31, 1992. Limit of one entry per person. All entries must become the property of the Big Apple Circus and Spy. Not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail.
 3. Winners will be selected in a random drawing on November 2, 1992. Judge's decisions are final. Approximate prize value: \$600.
 4. Sweepstakes open to residents of U.S. and Canada except Quebec and where prohibited by law. Employees of Big Apple Circus, Spy, their affiliated companies and families are ineligible.
 5. All winners must sign a liability release form prior to receipt of their prize. For winners' names, send a separate self-addressed stamped envelope to address above.
 6. No substitutions or transfer of prizes permitted. No purchase necessary.
- The Big Apple Circus is a not-for-profit performing arts organization. Its Lincoln Center engagement runs October 22, 1992 through January 10, 1993, followed by a regional tour.

Flash: There Is No Such Thing As a Bad Boy or a Convict Who Sweats

TALKING TO FAMILY AND FRIENDS

BOSTON, APRIL 1992: A 17-year-old is among those charged with beating to death a father of three at a fast-food restaurant. Sister: "He's a **good kid**."

LEVITTOWN, NEW YORK, APRIL 1992: A 16-year-old is accused of starting a fight over a gold chain that leaves a man dead from a stab wound to the heart. Attorney: "He is a **good kid**."

CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 1992: A 17-year-old is accused of asking a classmate to recite the Hail Mary in a darkened car, then strangling him. Mother: "He's been a **wonderful child**."

CHICAGO, AUGUST 1991: A 15-year-old is accused of locking his sister in a bathroom for several hours, throwing bleach on her, spraying insecticide in her face, pouring ammonia down her throat, then stabbing her 42 times. Neighbor: "[He's] a **good kid**."

SEATTLE, DECEMBER 1990: A 13-year-old drops a 16-pound rock from an overpass, hits a car and kills a father of seven. Mother: "He's a **good kid**."

BOSTON, APRIL 1991: A 15-year-old is charged with shooting two teens to death in an argument over a girl. Youth worker: "He's a **good kid**."

THERMOPOLIS, WYOMING, NOVEMBER 1990: A 15-year-old is charged with shooting his stepmother and three brothers after a quarrel. Guidance counselor: "He was pretty much a **wonderful kid**."

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 1990: An 18-year-old and his friend stab a tourist to death at a subway station. Mother: "My son is a very **good kid**."

RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK, AUGUST 1990: A 15-year-old and two friends are charged with killing a taxi driver with a single gunshot to the back of his head after robbing him of \$11.21. Neighbor: "Gee, he always impressed me as a **good kid**."

LOS ANGELES, MAY 1990: A 19-year-old is accused of speeding into an intersection while on LSD, killing a pregnant driver and seriously injuring a woman waiting for a bus. High school teacher: "She seemed very **conscientious** and just a **good kid**."

—Chip Rowe

THE VERDICT

"**Noriega**...betrayed no emotion, staring straight ahead as the word guilty was pronounced again and again."—*The New York Times*, April 11, 1992

"**Gotti**, 51, did not flinch as the verdict was read, his face frozen in the half-smile he wore throughout the trial."—*The Washington Post*, April 3, 1992

"**Dahmer** sat impassively, his eyes downcast, as Gram read the 15 verdicts."

—*The Washington Post*, February 16, 1992

"**Tyson**, sitting between two of his lawyers, seemed to deliberately keep his emotions in check."

—*The New York Times*, February 11, 1992

"**Keating**...stood ramrod straight, stoically taking the jury's judgment count by count."

—*Los Angeles Times*, December 5, 1991

"[**Poindexter**, acquitted in 1991] rocked slowly and his face froze in a rigid, expressionless gaze as the jury foreman quietly uttered the word 'guilty' five times."

—*The New York Times*, April 8, 1990

"**Bakker** showed little emotion when the jury found him guilty on all 24 counts...."—*The New York Times*, October 6, 1989

"[**Lyndon LaRouche**] stared impassively at the jury of eight women and four men as the verdict was read."

—*Los Angeles Times*, December 17, 1988

"**Claus von Bülow**...showed not a flicker of emotion at the verdict [reversed in 1985]."

—*The New York Times*, March 17, 1982

"[**Jimmy Hoffa**] showed not a flicker of emotion as he heard the verdict."

—*The Washington Post*, March 5, 1964

"[**Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell**] took the guilty verdict stoically without changing expression."—*The New York Times*, March 30, 1951

HONORABLE MENTION:

"[**Carolyn Warmus's** lawyer] said he would appeal the verdict, which he said shocked his client....He explained that she had no visible reaction in the courtroom because she has been on medication for stress."—*The New York Times*, May 28, 1992

—Daniel Radosh





A Brief History of Television Part V: "A Word from Our Sponsor"

March 9, 1961

BACHELOR FATHER

(NBC) Kelly is picked to star in a salmon commercial.

March 19, 1964 **HAZEL** (NBC)

Hazel is picked to star in a cake-mix commercial.

February 3, 1965 **THE DICK VAN**

DYKE SHOW (CBS) Ritchie is picked to star in a car commercial.

December 14, 1966 **THE BEVERLY**

HILLBILLIES (CBS) Jed and Granny are picked to star in a soap commercial.

December 7, 1969 **THE BILL COSBY SHOW** (NBC) Chet is picked to star in a breakfast-food commercial.

March 6, 1970 **THE FLYING NUN**

(ABC) Sister Bertrille is picked to star in a detergent commercial.

November 5, 1971 **THE BRADY**

BUNCH (ABC) The Bradys are picked to star in a detergent commercial.

January 1, 1973 **HERE'S LUCY**

(CBS) Lucy and Kim are picked to star in a pickle commercial.

January 8, 1978 **ALL IN THE**

FAMILY (CBS) Edith is picked to star in a detergent commercial.

March 25, 1979 **ALICE** (CBS) Vera is picked to star in a supermarket commercial.

November 13, 1984 **WHO'S THE**

BOSS? (ABC) Tony is picked to star in a soap commercial.

November 22, 1990 **CHEERS** (NBC)

Woody is picked to star in a vegetable-drink commercial.

March 15, 1991 **BABY TALK** (ABC)

Mickey is picked to star in a baby-food commercial.

January 19, 1992 **MARRIED...**

WITH CHILDREN (Fox) Al is picked to star in a shoe commercial.

—Joseph Malgarini

It's a Wonderful Town!



Women walking past anti-abortion protesters holding human fetus on Lexington Avenue.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

SPY Holiday Gift Guide

A fruit cake?



OR

A SPY gift subscription!



Makes you laugh

Indigestible

Each fruit cake is completely indistinguishable from the next

Another fruit cake is often given in retaliation

The butt of a lot of jokes

Often passed on to others

Can last all year long

Makes you laugh

Fully digestible

Each issue of SPY is completely different from the next

A "thank you" is always given in return

The source of a lot of humor

Often shared with others

Will last all year long

You decide.

Mail in the attached order cards, or call us at our toll-free number and we'll send a year of SPY to whomever you choose at our low holiday rates.

Instant Literature

How Long Would It Take You to Write a Tom Clancy Novel?

In 1797, Samuel Taylor Coleridge awoke from an opium-inspired vision and "instantly and eagerly" scrawled 54 lines of a masterfully silly poem called "Kubla Khan." Perhaps it was precisely this myth of frenzied literary possession that the talented wonk pornographer Nicholson Baker was hoping to evoke

when he declared on the *Today* show that he had written the best-selling *Vox* in just six weeks.

Whatever the reason, more and more writers are showing an adeptness at working quickly. Often market demand dictates the speed at which a book is done. After the Jeffrey Dahmer case, St. Martin's rushed *The Milwaukee Murders* into print in a month and a half. And for *Ross Perot: In His Own Words*, the 19 days from conception to placement in Barnes & Noble's windows was just quick enough.

Newsworthiness is not always an excuse. John Grisham did not need to write *The Pelican Brief* in three months; Ann Beattie was under no obligation to pound out the first draft of *Falling in Place* in seven weeks. Tom Clancy brags that he wrote the last 300 pages of *The Sum of All Fears* in ten days, "on a roll." Why do they do it? "I have been fortunate to be born with a restless and efficient brain," the late Isaac Asimov said about having written 100 of his nearly 500 books in less than six years—three weeks per book.

Less humble about their amazing speed are the Hollywood equivalent of writers. "If I finish a script at 3:00, I'll start another at 3:02," auteur manqué John Hughes once said. Hughes wrote ten scripts in 1990, including *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* in three days. The last 44 pages (or about one third) of *Home Alone* took only eight hours.

Occasionally a passable screenplay is written quickly—Louis Malle's *Au Revoir Les Enfants* in two weeks, for example, and Lawrence Kasdan's *Grand Canyon* in four months—but usually any screenplay written in less time than it takes for one of Joe Eszterhas's to be sold is a turgid hack job such as Eddie Murphy's *Harlem Nights*. "The script was shitty," Murphy admitted recently. "I wrote it in two weeks. And it shows."

Fortunately, the future looks brighter already. Howard Stern, who recently signed a contract with New Line Cinema, swears that he came up with the idea for his first film script, *The Adventures of Fartman*, more than four years ago.

—Daniel Radosh (who wrote this piece in two hours)



Illustration by Mark Matcho

Separated at Birth?



Self-destructive
Sean Young...



and self-adoring
Robert Downey Jr.?



Kathie Lee partner
Regis Philbin...



and Philby co-conspirator
Guy Burgess?



Neanderthal showman
Frank Sinatra...



and evolutionist
Clarence Darrow?



1960s singer Eric
Burdon...



and 1960s sitcom star
Stanley Livingston?



Troll-like comedian
Buddy Hackett...



and troll-like senator
Barbara Mikulski?

AMERICA

READER'S ALERT

ALTHOUGH THIS STORY
CONTAINS REFERENCES
TO JOHNNY CARSON,
IT IS NOT ANOTHER
ELEGIAC FAREWELL TO
THE DEPARTED
TELEVISION HOST.
IT DOES NOT CONTAIN
THE WORDS *ELFIN*,
TWINKLE OR *HI-YO*.
YOU MAY PROCEED.



HOWE ALONE

Who's in charge here? John Gotti and Johnny Carson are gone, and George Bush is on the way out. Add to that absent fathers, single mothers, patri-
cides, Bill Cosby's new career as a lech, Ted Kennedy's marriage, wild and
crazy Woody Allen—with family values like these, who needs families?

tHAT PARENTS KEEP CHILDREN FROM DOING what they want is a law of nature. Thus the young are taught not only codes of behavior but also resentment—the ultimate family value. And so when the late Betty Garrison, a single mother from Gulfport, Mississippi, decided this year to break her teenage daughters' habit of sneaking out at night by nailing shut their bedroom window, the two young women responded, police say, by planning their mother's murder. The plot

bles & Jaymes). But setting aside issues of taste, even those of us who aren't prepared to commit matricide can surely appreciate these teenagers' simple wish to "be home making out" alone and unnagged.

You know it's a dicey era for Mom and Dad when a child's fantasy about making his family disappear—*Home Alone*—becomes the most successful comedy ever released; when rounds of political-campaign debate center on single mothers and deadbeat dads; when Robert Reed turns out to have been gay. Betty Garrison



by Bruce Handy

was simple: Quietly unseal the bedroom window and let in the younger daughter's boyfriend, who would help the girls dispatch Mrs. Garrison as she slept. The co-conspirators wrote down a bare-bones chronology:

2:30 open window
3:15 dispose of body
3:45 be home making out

The killing took place as planned, or so the boyfriend later told the police. Whether the making out also took place is not known, although one suspects the principals weren't in the mood when it finally came down to it (after all, stabbing a mom in the throat and holding a pillow over her face isn't in the same teen-aphrodisiac league as "Stairway to Heaven" and a four-pack of Bar-

should have been on

So should George
description requires

him to be our national father figure and who, in his spindly ineffectuality, has the added misfortune of resembling no other dad so much as Dennis the Menace's (though the comic-strip dad's trademark exasperation is rather less amusing than the president's strident, self-righteous crabbing). This summer, when polls revealed that for the first time in years a majority of voters could conceive of a national life without George Bush, youngish Bill Clinton and Al Gore found themselves greeted by giddily exuberant crowds, crowds that shouted and screamed not unlike so many Macaulay Culkins whooping it up in newly parentless homes. Indeed, while a few Americans on both the right and the left actually understand

her toes.

Bush, a man whose job



IN A BLOW TO ANOTHER AMERICAN FAMILY, CHARLES MANSON

and take issue with the president's policies, most Americans, we suspect, are simply sick of his hectoring, lipless brand of paternalism. (Even the British editors of *The Economist* branded Bush "America's deadbeat dad.") Of course, Bush might well win the election. But in a year when a Florida judge rules that children can legally divorce their parents, the president had best be running on Finnish family values or Korean family values or even Gambino family values—anything but *American* family values.

Yes, on stages both grand and small, real and symbolic, the nation's mommies and daddies are in retreat while the nation's babies—that means, in the age of Rogaine and inner children, the vast majority of us—are learning that it's actually lots of fun being home alone, whether that involves making out, slapping your cheeks and putting on an "Oh, no!" face, or even having to spend four long years seeing Bill Clinton on TV night after night. Well, maybe not the latter. For as Macaulay Culkin's character discovered in the John Hughes comedy, being home alone has its drawbacks too. Loneliness sets in. Burglars come prowling. The phrase *President Clinton held a three-hour press conference today in order to announce two new policy initiatives* begins to seem all too real. This is

when the exultant cry of "Let's stay up all night and eat Count Chocula for dinner!" can very quickly become "Wa-a-a-a-bbbbbb!"

We are, as readers of trend pieces like this one know, living in a time when Robert Bly, a previously obscure poet with a quantity of white hair, can suddenly become rich and famous by telling American men that their spiritual impotence is not, after all, a direct result of having watched too much television. Instead, says Bly, the culprits are "lost fathers"—meaning, broadly, all those postindustrial patresfamilias who have gone off to work in factories or offices instead of hanging around the home hauling peat as in days gone by. Whether or not you find Bly's diagnosis credible, whether or not you think the cure is to smear yourself with mud and spend a weekend butting heads with a herd of similarly smeared middle managers, you must admit that the news has been dominated lately by revelations of newly absent corporate and institutional father and mother figures who have skipped out, as it were: the Fox Corporation's Barry Diller, Chrysler's Lee Iacocca, Digital's Kenneth Olsen, the USSR's Mikhail Gorbachev, Britain's Margaret Thatcher, NBC's Brandon Tartikoff, the National Gallery's J. Carter Brown, Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates, New York Police Commissioner Lee Brown, Yale's Benno Schmidt, Stanford's Donald Kennedy, the Muppets' Jim Henson, *Mad's* William Gaines, *Masterpiece Theatre's* Alistair Cooke, Time Warner's Steve Ross and Clark Clifford of the eastern establishment. Some of these worthies left their posts voluntarily, others not—as was the case with two of New York's more colorful leaders of illegal enterprises, the Johns Gotti and Gutfreund. Some have traded up for what one might call the career equivalent of a new, more glamorous wife; others have been exiled to what one might call the career equivalent of a newly divorced dad's crummy, Spartan apartment; still others are going to what one might simply call prison; a couple are dead. Meanwhile, 52 congressmen and 7 senators have announced their retirement this session; more than a third of leading American universities have had vacancies at the top during the past three years; and, in a blow to yet another struggling American family, Charles Manson has once again been denied parole.

To be sure, this spate of parental disappearances has caused organizational problems for the institutions concerned—and, in many cases, collective sighs of relief (*No 'rents! Party!*). It has also engendered widespread nervous speculation about who, then, is really running



ON HAS AGAIN BEEN DENIED PAROLE

things: faceless technocrats? Computer-aided chimps? James Carville? However frightening the answer, it's clear that the sudden vacancies at the top of the American family have not traumatized the American psyche too drastically. After all, no one, not even the most indefatigable corporate bootlicker, would dare to call Barry Diller or John Gutfreund *beloved*; and there isn't a person on the planet—excepting a few Yalies and the people who assign stories at *The New York Times Magazine*—who honestly cares how Benno Schmidt passes his days.

But what about Bill Cosby—America's most popular make-believe dad, the man who single-handedly resuscitated the 1950s-style family sitcom, the author of the sentimental best-sellers *Fatherhood* and *Love & Marriage*, the man who is to fathers what Marla Maples is to slutty chorines? This past April, after making some \$800 million in syndication fees, Cosby put his Cliff Huxtable character out to pasture; never again will the comedian use his great gifts as a maker of funny faces to upstage toddlers on *The Cosby Show*. Instead, this fall he begins a new career as the host of an updated version of *You Bet Your Life*, where his task is to revive the dirty-old-man antics of Groucho Marx. This development has left Americans with two important questions: (1) If venerable Cliff Huxtable can walk away from his family and take a new job that involves leering at young housewives, what does that say to less stalwart American dads? And (2) what does it mean for Kirk Cameron when Malcolm-Jamal Warner has his own sitcom?

Shortly after the final episode of *The Cosby Show* aired, these questions receded into the background, replaced by new questions, such as, How will Fred de Cordova make a living? Johnny Carson's retirement from *The Tonight Show* has been yet another blow to the established hierarchical order, one that has elicited from the national press more humid, overwritten prose than any other leave-taking since John Kennedy's (indeed, if we are to believe the entertainment press, Carson's total of 4,531 shows has become as signal a figure as the thousand days, the Aunt Blabby sketches as memorable a cultural landmark as the inaugural speech, the vacant desk as poignant a symbol as the riderless horse). Unlike Bill Cosby, Carson never played a dad on television, and he is famous in real life for being a poor one. Strictly speaking, he's not a father figure; he's more like a divorced-father figure: the winking, slightly defensive would-be pal who let us stay up late, shared risqué jokes and—as his contract was renegotiated over the years—spent more and

RECENTLY DEPARTED FATHER FIGURES

J. Carter Brown	Jim Henson
Lee Brown	Lee Iacocca
Johnny Carson	Donald Kennedy
Clark Clifford	Robert Maxwell
Alistair Cooke	Michael Milken
Bill Cosby	Kenneth Olsen
Barry Diller	Norman Pearlstine
William Gaines	Benno Schmidt
Daryl Gates	Punch Sulzberger
Mikhail Gorbachev	John Sununu
John Gotti	Brandon Tartikoff
Bob Gottlieb	Margaret Thatcher
John Gutfreund	Caspar Weinberger
Vaclav Havel	Tim Wirth

STEPFATHER FIGURES WHO AREN'T UP TO THE JOB

George Bush	John Major
Richie Daley	Dan Quayle
David Dinkins	Dan Rather
John Gotti Jr.	Pinch Sulzberger
Ted Kennedy	Clarence Thomas
Boris Yeltsin	

NINE THINGS TO DO NOW THAT THE GROWN-UPS HAVE ALL GONE AWAY

- 1 Abandon the pretext that you'd see more theater if only you weren't so busy.
- 2 Have sex with strangers again.
- 3 Avoid *The Volcano Lover*.
- 4 Like 90210 unironically.
- 5 Serve chocolate-chip-cookie-dough ice cream at a dinner party.
- 6 Stop leaving *Granta* out in plain view.
- 7 Move to L.A. and admit that the thing you actually miss most about New York isn't conversation or the Strand, it's getting drunk and then being able to take a cab home.
- 8 Fire Ved Mehta.
- 9 Laugh at farts.

more time on the tennis court and less and less time with us. Which leaves Jay Leno the impossible role of newly installed stepfather: nervous, a bit tight, always on his ingratiatingly best behavior and, try as he might, always and forever glaringly not-Dad.

Perhaps it's an unconscious resentment of these many absent fathers that has caused Americans' characteristic disrespect for the elderly to curdle into active antipathy. How else to explain the criminal indictments of geezers like Clark Clifford and Caspar Weinberger, octogenarian and septuagenarian, respectively? (Well, yes, they could be crooked.) Or the favorite plan to end the federal budget deficit (make old people pay more for medical care and reduce Social Security)? Sexagenarian Bob Gottlieb was rudely booted from *The New Yorker*. And it took once-feared quadragenarian Nolan Ryan eleven starts before he finally won a baseball game this season. Michael Jackson, who has been a household name since infancy, is only 34, but that makes him 238 in music-business years, and so he has suffered sluggish album sales as well as gleeful press reports about his alleged third nostril.


In a culture gripped by these anarchic patricidal forces, artists invoke family at their peril. It's hardly a surprise that as soon as Bruce Springsteen began singing about the wife and kids, his albums stiffed (plus, he's 301 in music-industry years). Batman, wisely, is an orphan. And the hottest character on TV's hottest show—Luke Perry's unparented Dylan McKay on *Beverly Hills 90210*—is the Macaulay Culkin for *Sassy* readers, a character who owes much of his allure to the fact that he too is home alone, though the predicament is rather less compelling when played by an actor graced with Clint Eastwood's hairline. Anyway, the Fox network has now launched a 90210 spin-off, *Melrose Place*, which improves on

its progenitor by showing more skin and doing away with parents altogether. NBC and ABC are similarly patronizing the prized 18-to-34-year-old demographic. Even dogged CBS—the mothball-scented home of wattled Mike Wallace and Angela Lansbury—has a new show called *Freshman Dorm*.

Still, nature abhors a vacuum. So do celebrities with laggard careers. This is the uncharitable explanation for 55-year-old Warren Beatty's tardy but well-publicized leap into fatherhood, a role that seems to come to him as easily and unself-consciously as belting out "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" does to Frank Sinatra. Eddie Murphy's equally beleaguered publicists have labored to convince the public that he too has grown up: He promised to marry the mother of his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter as soon as he could find the time, and Cary Grant was the point of comparison spoon-fed to journalists for Murphy's flat, deathlike performance in *Boomerang*. Like Beatty, Woody Allen has formed a family somewhat late in life. Look where it's gotten *him*.

Similar kinds of strategies are being tried on by certain stumbling politicians. Ted Kennedy has tried to cut a more mature figure by taking a second wife; we wish her luck. Dan Quayle's industrious young staff has tried to ameliorate the vice president's image problem by pumping credulous reporters full of tall tales about his steely helmsmanship of the president's Council on Competitiveness. They have tried to reinforce these impressions by convincing Quayle to whiten his sideburns, achieving a look that is, depending on your orientation, either very statesmanly or eerily Susan Sontag-like.

Which brings us back to the election. Luckily for Bill Clinton, he does not make a very credible father figure; in fact, he bears more than a little physical resemblance to the husky, pudgy-lipped older brother in *Home Alone*. (His success or failure come November promises to be a definitive measure of whether America's baby boomers really do want to be in charge.) Ross Perot, on the other hand—though only five foot six—is a daddy figure if there ever was one, a bantamweight LBJ. When he quit the race, his angry supporters quickly took to mourning their lost father, a noisy, histrionic grief-fest that should have made Robert Bly proud. Ironically, these same people would have probably found Perot *too* sensibly daddylike had he stayed in the race and tried to sell them on his alarmingly realistic economic plan. This points up a curious fact about the current electorate, which, as far as we can tell, seems to be angry at "the politicians" only because they have given voters what they've been asking for these last ten years: a permissively sunny disregard for any problem requiring even a soupçon of sacrifice to correct. In an odd way, this mirrors what psychologists tell us about children—that though they rebel against their parents for imposing discipline, they secretly crave it—the flaw in the metaphor being that American voters appear to desire discipline only for welfare mothers, the very rich and congressional bank accounts.

Ourselves, we aren't particularly fond of parental figures, except those to whom we actually bear some genetic kinship. But ninth-grade book reports on *Lord of the Flies* and keen memories of playground justice have disabused us of any romantic notions about youthful anarchy—after all, the 1960s were the last time American society underwent these kinds of generational dislocations, and look what resulted: *the 1970s*. What will any of this ultimately mean for George Bush and Bill Clinton? It's hard to know. What we do know is where the majority of eligible voters in this country will be staying all day long on Election Day: home alone. 



DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP COMICS

4 OCT. 1992

THE Fantastic Four



ALAN KUPPERBERG '92

SUPER ORATORY BROS.



I HAVE BEEN TO THE CASTLE! I HAVE RESCUED THE PRINCESS! AND I AM HERE TO TELL YOU...

WE MUST USE OUR POWER BLOCKS MORE WISELY... NOT TO MAKE THE POWERFUL MORE SO, BUT TO MAKE THE POWERLESS LESS SO...

WE NEED FEWER GOOMBAS, AND MORE GOOD JOBS! NOT PARATROOPAS, BUT SUPER POOPER SPOOPERS!

"SPECIAL ALL-TEXT ISSUE!"



THE INCREDIBLE JOHN-JOHN

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT!

JOHN-JOHN'S DREAMY. I'M GOING TO VOTE GUILTY.

PUTTING THE CLUE IN PROSECUTE!



DR. GLOOM

YES, MY PLAN WILL BE PAINFUL... YES, THERE WILL HAVE TO BE SACRIFICES...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE TRUTH!

LOOK OUT FOR THESE NEW TITLES FROM DLC COMICS!

THE Fantastic ^{IN} Foursome

"THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGELING" 87

LAKE CONDOMINIUM, ILLINOIS.

BORN DOWN IN HOPE, ARKANSAS
THE FIRST TOKE I TOOK DIDN'T TAKE AT ALL
SAY I RUT LIKE A POG AN' I EAT TOO MUCH
BUT I LOVE MY WIFE AIN'T GONNA GIVE HER UP

BORN TO RUN THE U.S.A.
I WAS BORN TO RUN THE U.S.A....

INCREPIBLE!
THAT'S HOW
I FEEL!

IT'S LIKE THEY
KNOW MY EVERY
HOPE AND FEAR!

IT'S LIKE THEY'VE
BEEN TALKING TO
MY THERAPIST!

IT'S JUST LIKE
THIRTYSOMETHING--
ONLY YOU CAN
DANCE TO IT!

CHECK OUT
THE DRUMMER--
SHE'S HOT!

JEFFREY!

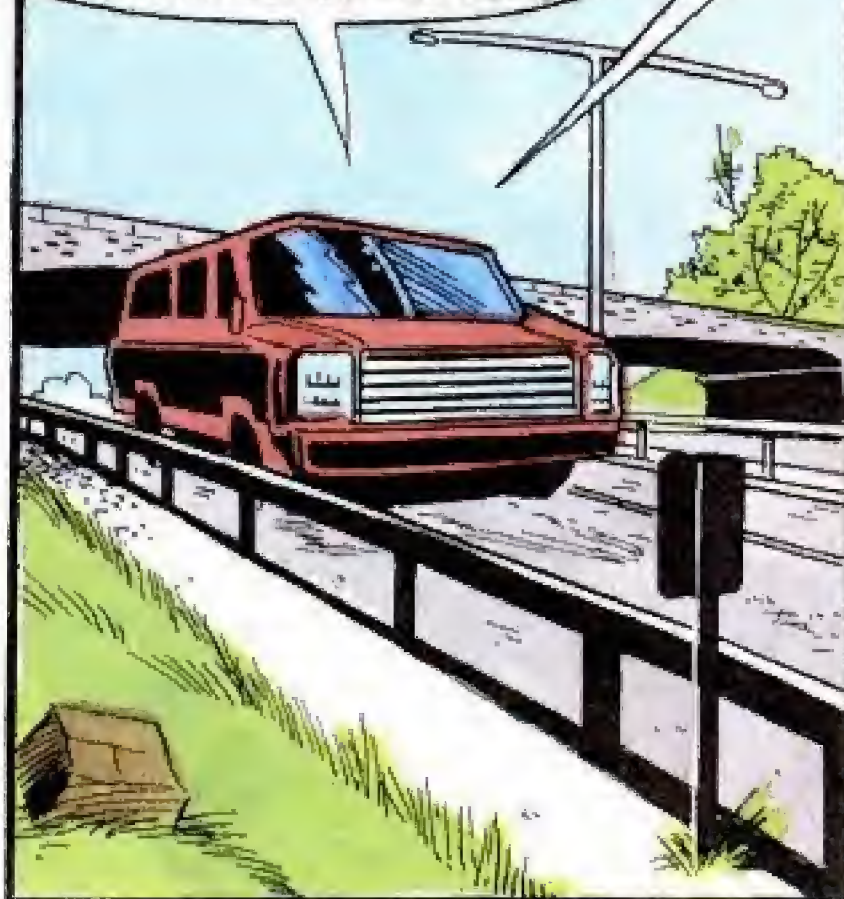
WRITER: LARRY DOYLE

ILLUSTRATOR: ALAN KUPPERBERG

EVER ON THE MOVE, THE FANTASTIC FOURSOME TRAVERSES AMERICA'S HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT THE NEXT "GIG"...

IN TERMS OF RESTRUCTURING THE SET LIST, I'M PROPOSING A IT-SONG PROGRAM, BEGINNING WITH A FOUR-PART MEDLEY COMPRISING--

COOKIES, BOYS?



HILLY, THAT RECIPE OF YOURS-- YOU WEREN'T SERIOUS ABOUT THE VEGETABLE SHORTENING, WERE YOU? I USED REAL BUTTER, AND THE BOYS REALLY SEEM TO--

TIPPER, I'M DRIVING HERE--AND DON'T CALL ME HILLY--

EGAD!



IT CAN'T BE--

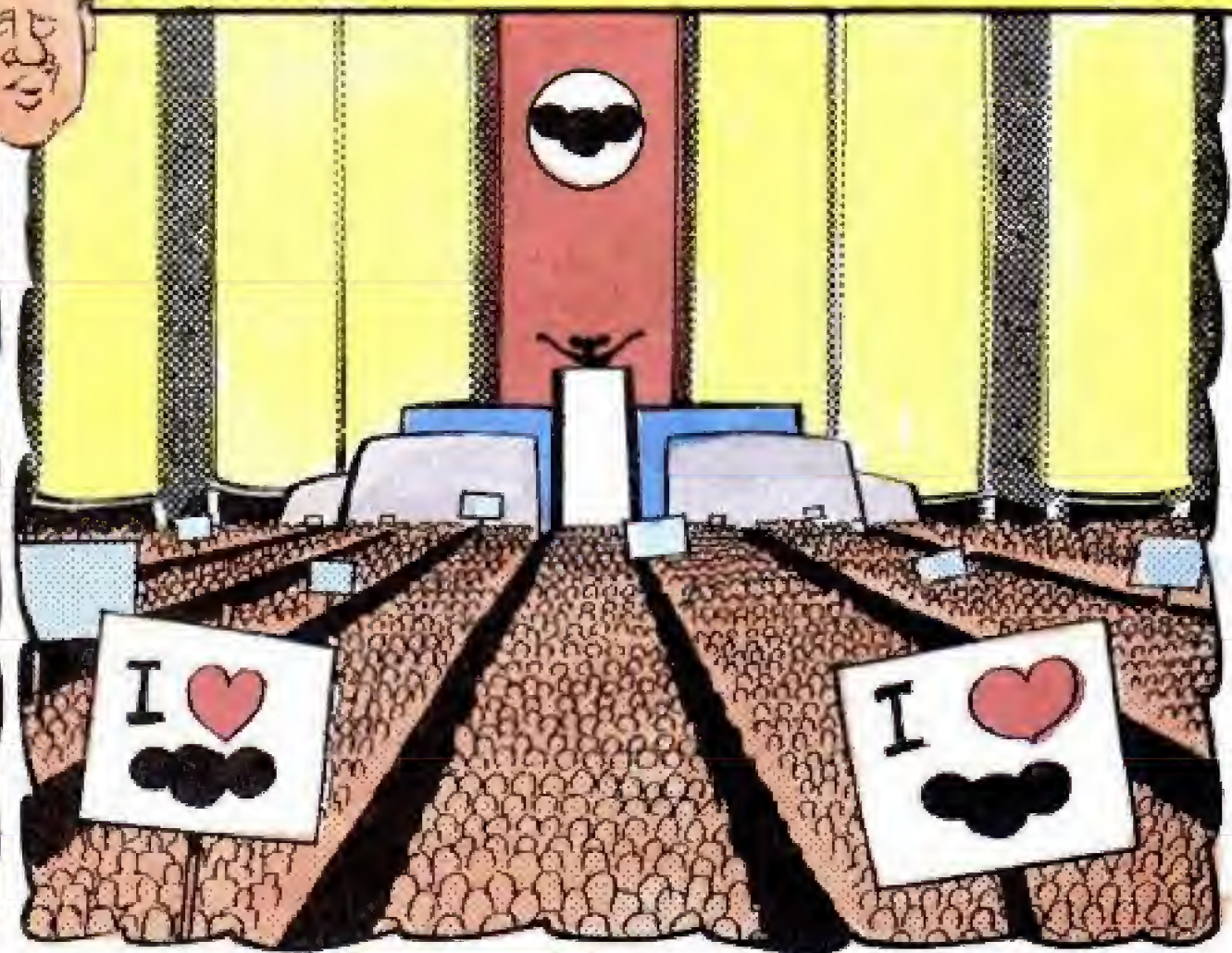
HOLY RESURRECTION!

HOLY FÜHRER!

IT IS!

HE CAME OUT OF THE NIGHT. AMERICA TURNED ON THE T.V. ONE EVENING, AND HE WAS THERE.

TROUBLED PEOPLE, TROUBLED TIMES. HE OFFERED A SOLUTION, FINALLY. THEY EMBRACED IT--AND HIM.



...BUT EVERY HERO--AND EVERY VILLAIN--HAS A WEAKNESS. HIS WAS THE HARSH LIGHT OF DAY.



TURN THAT THING OFF!

THIS IS HILARIOUS! YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME THIS EASILY!

I QUIT!

I'LL BE BACK!

BUT SO SOON? WAS THIS THE GREATEST COMEBACK IN NEARLY 2000 YEARS?

NOT JUST NOW.



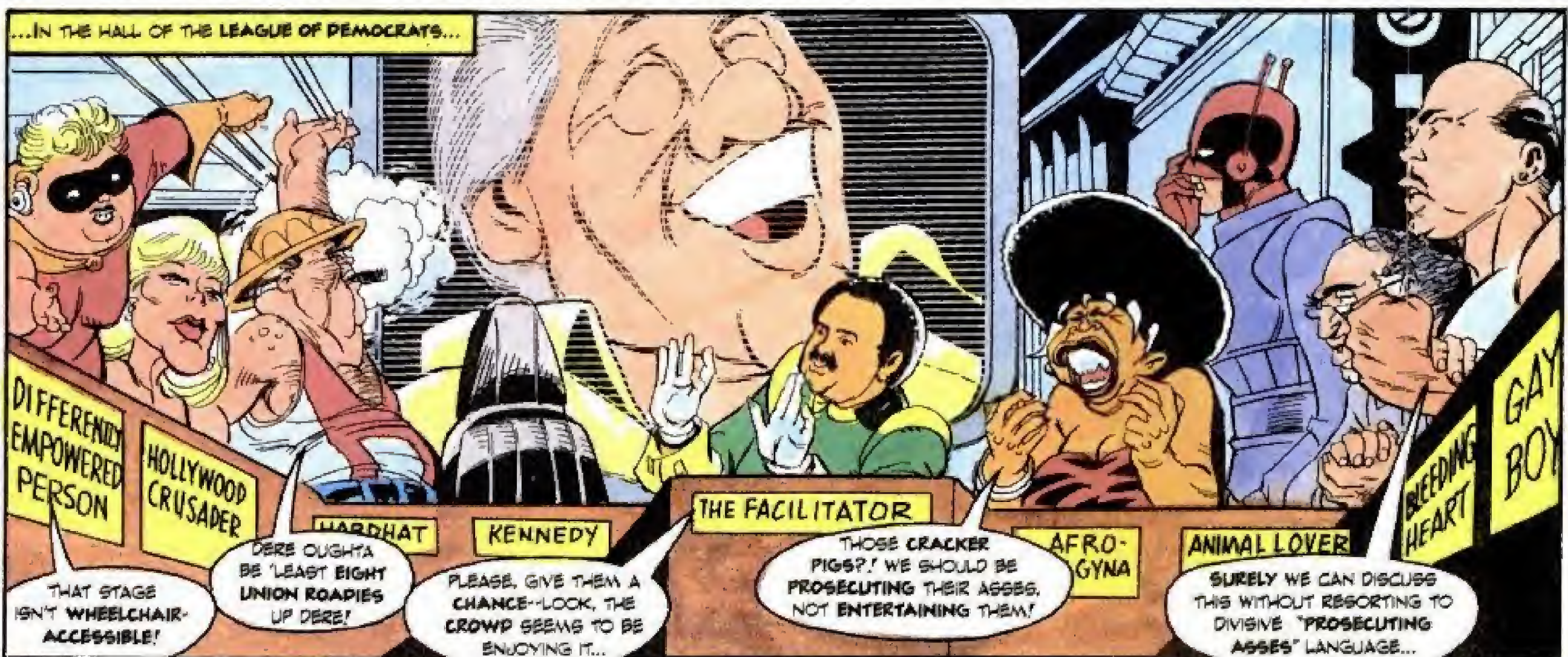
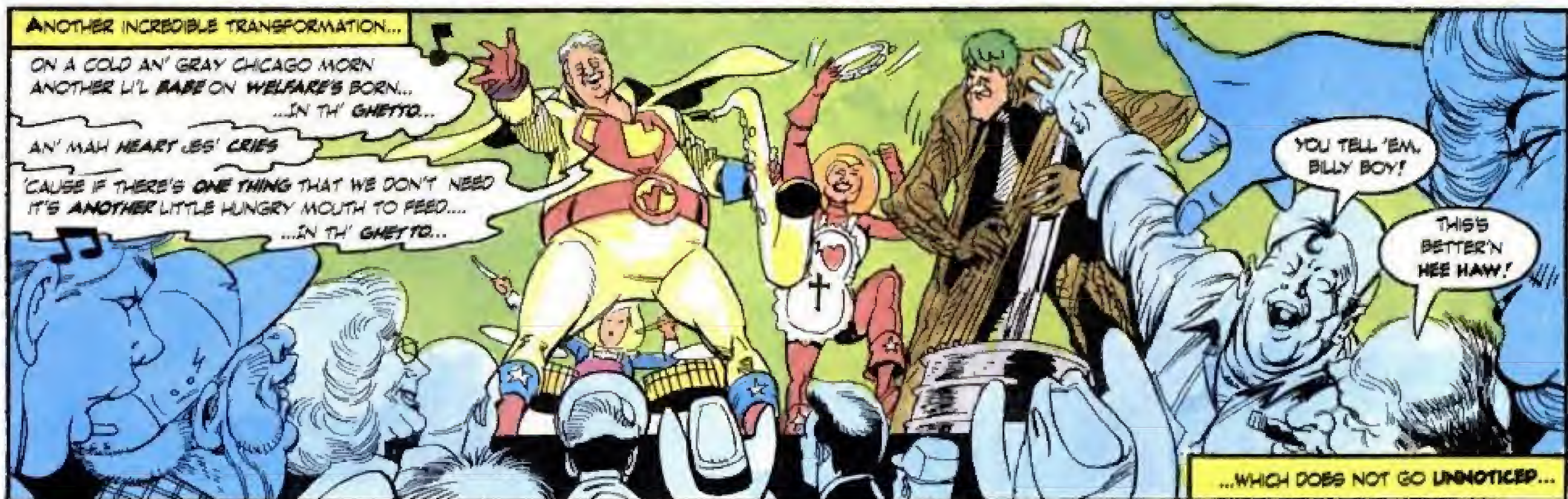
WAIT, NEVER MIND-- IT WAS JUST A BAG OF GARBAGE...

GOLLY, THAT WAS CLOSE!

BETTER BACK OVER IT, JUST TO BE SURE.

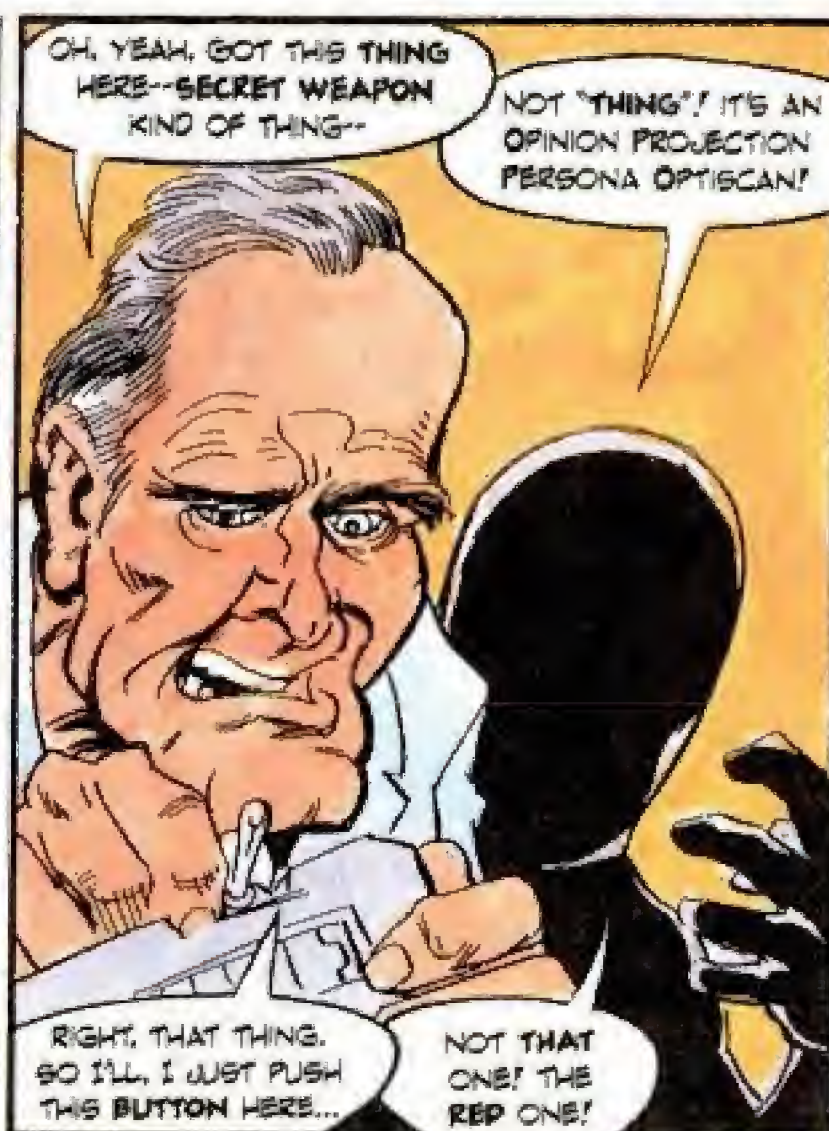
THUMP

WE GOT LUCKY, BUT ONE THING WAS CLEAR--IT WAS GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE.











NEXT MONTH: "BUTCHER, BAKER, PRESIDENT-MAKER!"

FANTASTIC FOURSOME FORUM

c/o DLC Comics—5 Union Square West—New York, New York—10003

Attention Correspondents: All letters should be considered for publication and must include your name and address for our mailing lists.

Dear FFFolks,

I would like to start off this letter by saying that the FANTASTIC FOURSOME is the best and brightest comic book since the original BRIGHT AND SHINING KNIGHT series, and that's saying a lot! But I do have a "few" questions for you:

(1) I don't want this to sound critical, but how did the Golden Doughboy get to be the leader of his own superteam after only one miniseries (in which he barely managed to defeat some of the weaker characters in the DLC universe, I might add), when there are plenty of other superheroes out there with better track records and more interesting powers? I'm thinking of the empath Mesmario, with his enchanted cords; Black Rainbow, with his cloak of many colors; and of course Lord Teddy, the Last of the Bright and Shining Knights. So why the Doughboy?

(2) On a related note, just what exactly are the Doughboy's powers, other than the ability to take a punch? While this has served him well so far, I shudder to think what might happen if the FF is ever faced with a crisis in which they actually have to *do* something.

(3) On a related note, the Doughboy seems to have gotten a whole lot bigger since GOLDEN DOUGHBOY #1. Does this mean he is more powerful? If so, how?

(4) And finally, on an unrelated note, back in the old Bright and Shining days, there were a number of spin-off titles concerning King Camelot's early adventures. Specifically, I remember TWO-FISTED PT TALES. Are there any plans for a similar book of the Doughboy's youthful escapades?

Roger Ross
Washington's Crossing, CT

We have a "few" answers for you, Roger:

(1) Your "question" sounds less like a legitimate inquiry and more like another cheap shot. 'Nuff said.

(2) See above.

(3) Ditto.

(4) No.

Dear Doughboy and Co.,

Love your book! The addition of the Wooden Wonder and the Hearth Keeper in GD#16 and incorporation of them as full-fledged team members in FF#1 has totally revitalized the series. I was really afraid it was going to peter out after 20 issues or so, like most DLC titles do, but now I think you could easily last 1,000 years! *Foursome Über Alles!*

Here's my question: Starting in the FF#1, Hillary is called "Sweet-and-Sour Girl," even though in the previous GOLDEN DOUGHBOY issues she was always referred to as just "Sour Girl" or sometimes "Strident Gal." No explanation is given for this moniker modification/disposition dopplegängery. So when did Sweet-and-Sour Girl acquire the sugar to go with her spice, and how? 'Fess up!

Lionel Crane
Wilmette, IL

We confess, Lionel. Sweet-and-Sour Girl has always had an innately sweet side but until recently has had no occasion to use it.

Dear FF Gang,

Whoa. I, like the rest of your readers, was touched and dumbfounded when the Wooden Wonder revealed the secret source of his strength to the entire League of Democrats in FF#2 (I can't remember the last time a comic book made me weep as much). To have your offspring splintered before your very eyes must have been horrible enough, but then to realize that your sapling's suffering was somehow making *you* stronger must have been more than the Wooden Wonder could bear!

But as deeply heartrending as this revelation was, I am a bit confused as to how it would work, physics-wise. Did the Wee Wonder's excruciating pain generate intense emotional energy waves that were absorbed by the Wooden Wonder's rings, causing them to resonate with a powerful force field of their own? Or, alternatively, was the Wee Wonder's life sap ebbing out and being transferred via osmosis to the elder Wonder? If the latter, does that mean that if Woody Jr. had expired, Woody Sr. would have become so powerful that perhaps he would be *leading* the Foursome right now? Or if the former principle applies, does this mean that in the future, if the Wooden Wonder needs to summon great strength to battle some foe, then the Wee Wonder will have to endure great pain to supply it? And will we ever see the Wooden Wonder in an adventure with *his* father, Old Growth? Or with his cousin, Gore Vidal?

Christina Vanden Hurdle
New York, NY

Interesting analysis, Christina. The issues you raise will be addressed in the upcoming WOODEN WONDER SUPERSPECIAL: "When the Bough Breaks."

Dear F4,

I'm hoping you can settle a bet. My friend Julio says Golden Doughboy made his first appearance in the COMPETENT MAN ANNUAL #1, in which he used his high-intensity boredom beam to lull the League of Democrats into a superstupor, thus allowing Competent Man to appear invigorating by comparison. I say the doughy one really first appeared way back in BRIGHT AND SHINING KNIGHT #45. If you look closely at page 17, panel four, you can see a very young Doughboy standing behind King Camelot on the right, holding his magic sax. It is my theory that teen Doughboy managed to touch the hem of KC's vestments, and this is how he acquired whatever power it is that he has. Who's right?

Carlos Amaro
San Juan, Puerto Rico

You both are. CM#1 marked the Golden One's first official appearance as the adult Doughboy, while BSK#45 introduced Boy Doughboy, the same "person" but a totally separate "character," who, at present, we have no plans to explore further.

Dear Foursomeites,

Let me begin by heaping much-deserved praise on you for reinvigorating the entire DLC line with the fabulous fights and flighty foibles of the Fantastic Foursome! Long live Camelot! But as much as I enjoy the goings-on and takings-off of Doughy, Hilly, the Woodman and Tipper too, I do take issue with the lackluster quality of the archvillains they have encountered to date.

I was never much of a fan of the Changeling's, even when he was Underling, the henchman, and Smiler, the Human Prop. The Changeling's constant identity shifts were entertaining at first, but after a while they just sort of became tedious, and it seems lately that whoever is writing the book feels the same way, because the Changeling's changes are getting more abrupt and nonsensical, almost as if the writer were just jerking the character around for his own amusement, like a puppet or something. In contrast, Hawk Chick, the Changeling's second-in-command, is far more interesting, constantly finding delightful new ways of destroying himself. Is there any chance he will get his own book?

Gaston Castleberry
Alexandria, VA

Well, assuming you've already read this ish, you can see how prescient your "puppet" comment was. As for Hawk Chick getting his own book, stranger things have happened.

Dear Fantastic Fellows,

Any chance for a Doughboy-Batman crossover miniseries? That would be a battle most supreme!

Tabitha Soren
MTV, New York City

We agree, Tabitha, it would be quite a matchup. The only problem is that Doughboy and Batman aren't enemies. While Doughboy does not condone the sort of vigilante justice Batman most efficiently metes out, he appreciates the anger and frustration of law-abiding citizens living in a crime-filled world. Doughboy has vowed to fight these vermin with all the venom that Batman does, but within the law.

Dear Fantastic Fantastic Foursome,

I'm confused. Just whose side is the Wooden Wonder on, anyway? Two points:

(1) Back in CHAMBER OF THE GODS #88, the Wooden Wonder joined forces with the Uncanny Neocons to deal a crushing blow to the Baby Killers; in COTG#90 and #93, he allied himself with the Changeling against the Baby Killers as well. And yet in FF#2 we find out that he was supposedly on the side of the Baby Killers all along!

(2) As recently as CHANGELING #91, the Wooden Wonder was fighting alongside his now sworn enemy against the Nazi Sandtroopers in the "Operation: Desert Satan" story line.

I don't get it. What gives?

Lucinda Bibby
Santa Barbara, CA

What can we say, Lucinda? Comics makes strange bedfellows.

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The New Long-Sleeved 100% Cotton SPY T-shirt. For summer into fall.



The Basic White Long-Sleeved SPY T-shirt.

Wear it under our Short-Sleeved Classic Black T or over another Basic White Long-Sleeved. However you wear it, it's a classic style that will keep you comfortable all season long. Machine-washable.

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	The Classic Black Short-Sleeved T-shirt		
	The Basic White Long-Sleeved T-shirt		
	The Basic White Short-Sleeved T-shirt		
TOTAL AMT. ENCLOSED			

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Behind every prevaricating, do-nothing,



check-kiting congressman—is a woman

“Stop Filibustering and Take Out the Trash!”

They come out of Omaha and Waco and Portland, liked and admired, pillars of their communities, happy help-mates to their respected husbands. Then they get to Washington and become Congressional Wives from Hell

IT'S AFTER HOURS ON CAPITOL HILL—DO YOU know where your Congressional Wife is?

If she's Arlene Crane, wife of Illinois Republican representative and former presidential candidate Phil Crane, she might be riffling through the desk drawers of her husband's staff members. Arlene was pursuing evidence she thought would convince her husband to fire a particular employee. She just *knew* the little bitch was running a bridal consulting service out of Phil's office.

If she's Heather Foley, wife of the speaker of the House, she might be rooting about in the House physician's office on the Saturday before Christmas 1990. It was there that she was discovered by the U.S. Capitol Police after triggering the silent alarm. Some Republicans believe that Heather was hunting for embarrassing medical records. Heather told the law that she was just visiting the fridge for some medication to relieve her asthma.

If she's Chris Downey, wife of Democratic congressman Tom Downey, she's escorting

by Rudy Maxa and Andrea Rider

Rep. Barney Frank's companion to a Congressional Wives' tea and telling everyone emphatically that Barney's companion should be referred to as "his lover."

Do the folks back home know about this?

ONCE, WHEN MRS. SMITHS came to Washington, they were happy helpmates standing by their men, smilingly opening their spic-and-span homes to boorish unannounced constituents, content to remain in the background while their husbands preened in history's spotlight. Their model was Donna Reed, and their duty was to be seen, not heard—and seen only once in a while.

Oh, sure, there are a few wimpy Congressional Wives like that even in 1992. You can still find them at Bible-study classes or Red Cross parties, stitching Army-surplus blankets into ponchos for the homeless. But such wives are mostly new in town and still awed by Beltway life. If these naive brides stay around long enough, the wonder fades, the awe dissipates, and they realize *they* are the insiders now, the capital cognoscenti, the distaff, shadow government of America. And soon they become like Arlene Crane, who was only too happy to dismiss her husband's employees to us as "a rotten staff," his top aide as "a jerk, a dumbbell," and then blame her husband for tolerating such nincompoops. "If Phil just had a *spine*," gripes Arlene, "this would all be academic."

And that's the mild stuff that she says for quotation.

IT WAS RITA JENRETTE, OF course, who raised forever the threshold a Congressional Wife must cross before she truly shocks the nation. She wasn't technically a Congressional Wife when she posed nude for *Playboy* in 1981—her husband had



Heather Foley told Capitol police she wasn't rooting about, just visiting the fridge for asthma medicine

resigned from Congress a few months earlier after he was convicted in the Abscam scandal. But Rita had made a splash even before that by writing a *Washington Post* article called "Diary of a Mad Congresswife" that took aim at the silliness to which political wives are subjected: the Moose Lodge meetings, the tedious constituents, the endless rubber-chicken dinners.

Rita was a courageous pioneer. Today Congressional Wives have

come out from behind the ironing board. They are aware of their power—the power to help their men a little and to hurt them a lot. Even in the Year of the Political Wife, Hillary, Tipper and Marilyn have all had to tone down their personalities to placate an electorate nervous about powerful women. Hillary has to pretend that she actually cares about cookie recipes. Tipper has to buy the Grateful Dead's *Europe '72* CD to reassure the nation. On the other hand, Marilyn Quayle (not long ago a Congressional Wife herself) has to correct Dan-o on abortion policy and say, in effect, that she'll put on the rubber gloves and deliver her daughter's hypothetical baby herself, thank you very much. It's a fine line that a Congressional Wife has to walk: She can't be perceived as too driven, and she can't be seen as just an adoring doormat either. Political wives have literally become the better halves of the men to whom they are married. Unfortunately, not all of them choose to become assets.

Today's wacky Congressional Wives basically come in three categories: the Megalomaniacal Wife, who thinks that she, not her husband, should be running the country (e.g., Heather Foley); the Rebel Wife, who not only rejects the traditional spousal role but seems to go on a campaign against everything her doltish husband stands for (Marty Davis); and the Excuse-Me-While-I-Have-My-Nervous-Breakdown Wife, who is driven nuts by the capital, whose eccentricities seem to increase with every election cycle (Arlene Crane). Now, with the largest-ever crop of new Congressional Wives in the offing—with even a veteran bachelor like Ted Kennedy retrofitting his act with a late-model C.W.—they will have various models for public and private behavior, beginning with the prototype of the meddlesome political wife, Heather Foley.

KNOWN AS THE Congressional Wife least likely to wash her hair, Heather, a 52-year-old attorney, began as her husband's office manager when he was first elected. She continued in that role as he made his way up the legislative ladder to speaker of the House.

For 23 years, Heather has served as her husband's gatekeeper, chief of staff and alter ego, padding around the Hill in her trademark muumuu and thongs, an apparent sartorial refugee from Topanga Canyon, giving orders, avoiding interviews, being a general annoyance while garnering such nicknames as Pocahontas (she wears her lank hair in braids) and the Black Widow (her attitude). Wasn't this a Fox sitcom pilot a few seasons back?

For working long hours and enduring such brickbats, Heather earns no pay, because members of Congress can't have relatives on their payroll, no matter how badly they dress. Apparently the Founders never anticipated that a spouse might be willing to spend her adult life working for her husband for *free*.

Thanks to Heather, we know the consequences: The spouse develops her own power base because she's sleeping with the boss. From her desk two doors away from her husband's, Heather giveth and taketh away office space on the Hill, fires and hires her husband's staff, and decides who shall and who shall not see him.

One savvy Washington lobbyist knows which Foley to flatter. "Getting a joint session in Congress for a foreign dignitary is tough," confides this lobbyist. "Who has the final say? Heather Foley. Her husband always says no, so you have to get to Heather.

"You can imagine what it takes to break into the circle," he continues. "You talk to her friends. Flowers, chocolate. Invite the Foleys to dinner, make sure they're invited to things they like. Heather is the

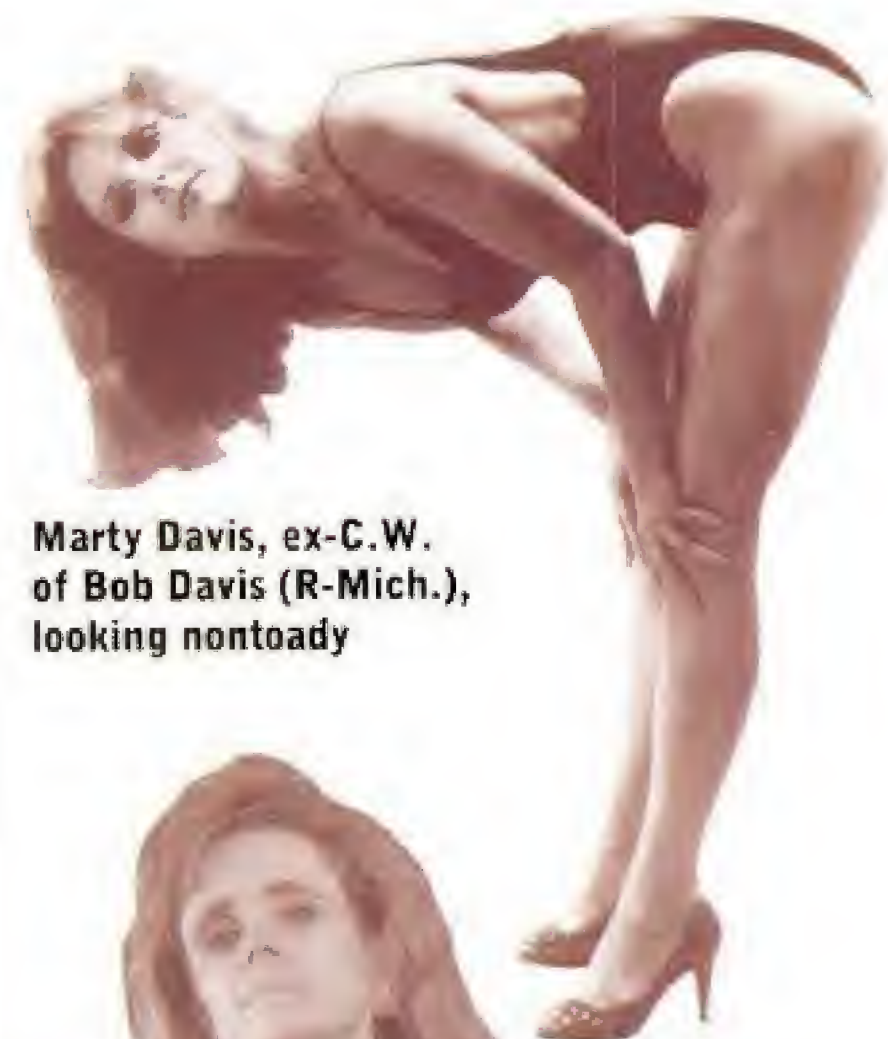
door opener, and you have to show your faith."

Heather isn't afraid to take on the big boys. She once attended a meeting with then House Speaker Tip O'Neill and told him to extinguish his cigar. Sources say that O'Neill either (a) grudgingly complied or (b) ignored her and kept on puffing, whereupon she snatched the stogie and stomped it out herself, prompting him to snarl, "You must have gotten the wrong impression—as staff you're merely tolerated here."

Whatever the outcome, Heather outlasted O'Neill and he got his comeuppance; he was reduced to popping out of suitcases on commercials for Choice Hotels, while she has left a real mark on the Capitol: She moved the conveniently located House Document Room to an inconveniently located annex to give space to her husband's committee.

Both Foleys have come under scrutiny for their bungled handling of the recent House post office scandal. Earlier this year, Heather testified before a grand jury investigating the post office. There was an accusation that she tried to quash an investigation of drug use and embezzlement at the facility. (Speaker Foley said his wife was just a "witness" in the probe and had done nothing wrong.)

All in all, it wasn't a great spring for the most powerful Congressional Wife from Hell. Heather cried when she read the April issue of *Washingtonian* magazine, which named her one of the city's "Women Who Scare Men." A guest at Pamela Harriman's Easter egg hunt at her home in Middleburg reported seeing a woebegone Heather standing alone in a field, clutching an egg basket, looking lost and confused. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that she was "bewildered" by criticism that she was a fashion victim. When reporters began describing her shapeless sixties-ish, Joni Mitchell wardrobe, Heather began to dress more for success.



Marty Davis, ex-C.W. of Bob Davis (R-Mich.), looking nontoady



Debbie Dingell, Mr. Dirty Air's wife



Arlene Crane, potted-plant preserver



Harriet Pressler parcels out Pritikin-approved morsels to hubby Larry.

ANOTHER WIFE WHO likes to keep her hand in things around her husband's office is Annette Lantos, wife of California Democratic representative Tom Lantos. She's the one who is known for interrupting her husband during interviews to share *her* thoughts *with the reporter*.

"I think she goes to the toilet with her husband," remarks a congressman's wife who knows her well. "She runs Tom's office and also her son-in-law's office, [Rep.] Dick Swett of New Hampshire. She's a general. She keeps her men in tow and runs the show."

Maybe Annette's imperious manner comes from being a cousin of Zsa Zsa Gabor's. There's certainly a great deal of precedent for Annette's habit of using her husband's interns to run her personal errands—it's a Hill tradition—but some aides wish she wasn't so cranky about it.

"She's bombastic, nightmarish," says one former intern who fetched Annette's dry cleaning. "If things weren't perfect, she'd go apeshit and hurl anything she could get her hands on—a paperweight, whatever."

ONE RELATIVE NEWCOMER IN the "I wear the pants around here" tradition is Debbie Dingell, wife of powerful Democratic representative John Dingell of Michigan, chairman of the Energy and Commerce Committee. Debbie enjoys a reputation as a great gossip, a consummate social climber and a powerful influence on her husband. He's known as Big John, Mean John, Dirty Dingell, Mr. Dirty Air, Mr. Detroit—nicknames reflecting his allegiance to the auto industry. She's the granddaughter of one of General Motors's Fisher brothers and today works for GM in Washington as director of administration and strategic planning. He's 66, she's 38.



One of Tom Lantos's aides says, "If things weren't perfect, Annette would hurl anything she could get her hands on"

It's a business and political marriage that has given Debbie considerably more clout than most Congressional Wives. She is credited, for example, with having softened her husband's stance on the Clean Air Act. "He likes her input on issues," former House majority whip and close friend Tony Coelho once remarked. "Does that mean John does what she says? No way. [But] she's with him more than anyone else; she can whisper periodically."

The congressman calls his wife "the Lovely Deborah," a sobriquet not universally subscribed to by Washingtonians who relish passing along "the Lovely Deborah" stories.

Among TLD stories that Debbie has denied: that on a junket with her husband to Japan she got into a shouting match with a Washington State congressman; that she asked Capitol Hill police for extra protection because she was an heiress and her husband's powerful position, she claimed, merited it; that she and Pamela Harriman don't speak because Debbie wasn't invited to a luncheon the power-marrying widow threw for Raisa Gorbachev.

Debbie recently embarrassed Big John by heading up an effort to oppose a term-limit proposal. She enlisted Upjohn Chemical and Detroit Edison in her cause, before accusations of "coercion" forced her to withdraw.

IF A CONGRESSIONAL WIFE who works with her husband strives to control his congressional staff, a wife who *doesn't* work with her husband has to work to avoid being controlled by his staff. It's an eternal Washington struggle. They generally view her as an unavoidable inconvenience who complicates schedules by demanding private time with her husband or by requesting his presence at family functions *even when there are no press photographers in attendance!*

If the wife lives back in the home district, she should never count on the staff to keep her current on her husband's life. An aide to the late Walter Flowers, for example, was assigned to visit the Capitol Hill apartment of the Alabama congressman on those rare occasions when his wife journeyed to Washington for a conjugal visit. Since Flowers spent much of his time in his girlfriend's apartment, the aide's job was to sprinkle some toast crumbs around the kitchen counter and put a half-filled quart of milk in the refrigerator—in short, to give the place a lived-in look.

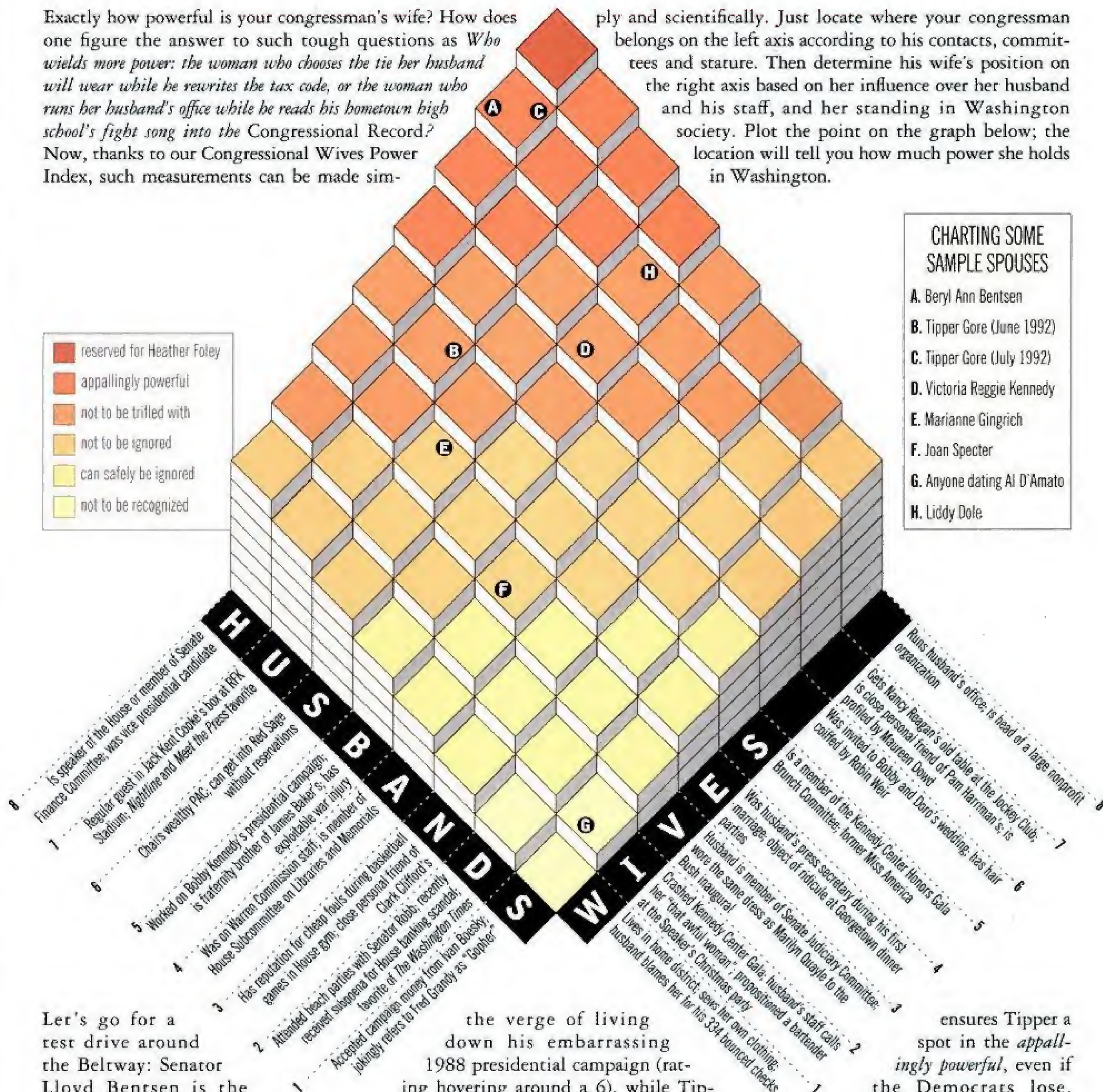
Some wives go on a mission to undermine the staff, such as Arlene

"IF YOU DON'T GET OFF THE MERCHANT MARINE COMMITTEE, WE'LL NEVER MEET KAY GRAHAM!"

The SPY Congressional Wives Power Index

Exactly how powerful is your congressman's wife? How does one figure the answer to such tough questions as *Who wields more power: the woman who chooses the tie her husband will wear while he rewrites the tax code, or the woman who runs her husband's office while he reads his hometown high school's fight song into the Congressional Record?* Now, thanks to our Congressional Wives Power Index, such measurements can be made sim-

ply and scientifically. Just locate where your congressman belongs on the left axis according to his contacts, committees and stature. Then determine his wife's position on the right axis based on her influence over her husband and his staff, and her standing in Washington society. Plot the point on the graph below; the location will tell you how much power she holds in Washington.



Let's go for a test drive around the Beltway: Senator Lloyd Bentsen is the chairman of the Finance Committee, with a power rating of 7.9; his wife is popular, if a little bitchy, with a rating of 6.1. Depending upon how the wind blows, she is either *appallingly powerful* or *not to be trifled with*. Before his selection as Clinton's running mate, Al Gore was an earnest senator on

the verge of living down his embarrassing 1988 presidential campaign (rating hovering around a 6), while Tipper was still remembered for rocking the record industry with her campaign against smutty lyrics (3.7). When put together, it was clear that Tipper was *not to be trifled with*. Now, however, Al is a golden boy, and Ice-T has helped make Tipper look reasonable and concerned. The result: a 30-day turnaround that

ensures Tipper a spot in the *appallingly powerful*, even if the Democrats lose. Finally, take the case of Ted Kennedy. Possessing some vestige of power, he rates about a 4.7. His new wife, Victoria Anne Reggie, is largely unknown, but it's possible she could eventually score in the high sixes or low sevens. If that happens, look for a boost in Kennedy's power rating.

Crane, who resents the time her husband spends with them.

"Every secretary Phil has becomes an office wife—he allows it to happen," she says. "I haven't spoken to anyone or gone near the office in four years. I have nothing to say; I can't stand them."

When she got wind of the staff member running a consulting business on the side during office hours, Arlene confronted her husband. "If she's not gone by Friday," threatened Arlene, "I'm going to the Ethics Committee."

Friday came and no heads rolled, so Arlene—who says she felt "like a heroine, a Joan of Arc"—took a lawyer and the evidence she'd gathered from desk drawers to the Ethics Committee. But they weren't interested—"They laughed me out of the place," she says. She wasn't any more successful in getting the Ethics Committee to investigate her charge that one of her husband's staff members was an alcoholic.

The one part of her husband's job in which Arlene is interested is the party circuit. She insists on seeing all invitations to the congressman and then chooses the best of the crop. Though she's self-conscious about her weight (she has refused to be photographed since she began wearing muumuus years ago), Arlene parties with gusto and appreciates a well-set buffet table. At a Hill soiree hosted by the Chicago Mercantile Exchange earlier this year, her gorging drew the notice of other guests, as did her departure: She helped herself to three of the potted plants that decorated the tables, filling up her husband's arms as well.

On the Senate side, Jeanne Simon, wife of bow-tied Democratic senator Paul Simon of Illinois, vexes her husband's staff regularly with whims and just plain bad political judgment. She once sent them a memo forbidding them from attending receptions hosted by entities or people not directly related



Arlene Crane found the evidence in an aide's desk drawers: The little bitch was running a consulting service out of Phil's office

to their congressional work. Since cruising such functions and eating free at them à la Arlene Crane is considered a Hill perk for younger, underpaid staff members, the memo was received with great displeasure.

BUT HOW DO WE SEPARATE the true Congressional Wife from Hell from the run-of-the-mill wife who sometimes makes an error in judgment? Should we excuse Amy Tallon, who would call police

to adjudicate especially heated conversations with her husband, Democratic representative Robin Tallon? If so, why are they divorcing?

After all, anyone can have a bad day now and then. Among the small-time offenders:

❖ Mikie Bilbray, wife of Nevada's James Bilbray, demanded that her husband's legislative assistant type her daughter's school paper on King Tut.

❖ Susan Sikorski, wife of Gerry Sikorski of Minnesota, once had her husband's aides take her dogs to be artificially inseminated.

❖ Ann Blaz, the U.S.-born wife of Guam's congressman, Ben Blaz, has ordered the Guamanians who work in his Washington office not to speak Chamorro, their native language. One aide said Ann doesn't understand Chamorro and fears that people might be talking about her.

❖ The imperious Beryl Ann (Mrs. Lloyd) Bentsen recently hopped on a Senators Only elevator in the Capitol and, upon seeing a member of her husband's staff, said, "You're not a senator."

❖ Harriet Pressler, wife of dopey South Dakota senator Larry Pressler, drives her husband's staff crazy with complaints about the fatty foods and cheap wine served at the catered parties at the couple's Capitol Hill townhouse. After nearly reducing an aide to tears because she thought the quiche being served was too high in cholesterol, Harriet, a Pritikin buff, sneaked into the kitchen during a dinner party and scarfed some down.

❖ Susan Carr, the ex-wife of Michigan congressman Bob Carr, filed divorce papers alleging that "at the time of the marriage [Bob] Carr was infected with a highly contagious and incurable social disease which was not disclosed to the Plaintiff..." She said she did not contract the disease, and admitted she had no medical documents to support her claim. Carr, who denied having an STD,

said his wife was trying to ruin his reelection chances.

SURELY EACH OF THESE incidents is nothing more than a minor lapse. To qualify for the varsity of Congressional Wives from Hell, a wife must exhibit a continuing pattern of insufferable behavior.

Marty Davis, wife and then ex-wife of boyish-looking mortician turned politician Rep. Bob Davis, fired an impressive opening salvo in 1985 when she sent a picture of herself wearing only a risqué leotard and high heels to a Washington society magazine. She did it to protest an article on the unsexy, boring, predictable fashions of unsexy, boring, predictable Congressional Wives. The cheesecake shot went round the world, along with Marty's letter, which said, "Just because [a woman] is married to a congressman, she doesn't have to look like a toad."

Marty thrilled the media again a couple of years later when she wrote an article for *The Washington Post* arguing that her husband's \$77,400 annual congressional salary didn't amount to anything in Washington. This didn't go over too well in her husband's district, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where the median price for a home at the time was \$31,000.

Despite her Playmate sense of the world, Marty was left in the dust by Bob when he separated from her in 1988 and set up house with 28-year-old Brook Ball, soon after Brook landed a \$28,000-a-year job on the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. As it turns out, the congressman is the committee's ranking minority member and, by golly, he'd recommended her for the post.

Then, in a strategic move during divorce negotiations with Bob in 1989, Marty sought sympathy by telling a Michigan newspaper that she was applying for welfare because

she couldn't support herself and her daughter on the money being provided by her estranged husband. Marty is now writing a book that Bob will no doubt want to pick up—*Dickhead Dictionary: A Guide to Impossible Men*. The manuscript contains this definition of *Republican*: "The over-50 Republican enjoys mesmerizing non-threatening women under 25 who look like Talbots-catalogue models. Favorite haunt: his place, where he'll offer to cook you a steak. 'If we go out,' he says, 'people will recognize me, and you'll be so bored.'"

ULTIMATELY, THE TASK OF THE Congressional Wife remains the same as it ever was: to sacrifice herself on the altar of her husband's ambition. So, Congressional Wives, take note of Connie Nichols, wife of Republican representative Dick Nichols of Kansas. A recent fundraising letter sent by Nichols movingly highlighted his wife's cancer in a highly tasteful effort to elicit sympathy and dollars.

As Nichols explained in his mass mailing, the Balanced Budget Amendment was making its way to the House floor just as his wife was preparing for delicate surgery. "Connie would not let me stay here with her," he wrote, "but said I must go back to Washington to vote on behalf of all my constituents."

Then, forced by redistricting to seek election in a new district, Nichols agonized over his future. "I wanted her beside me before I made the final decision to run," he bumbled in his letter. "But the day after surgery she said, 'Dick, you are the kind of congressman people want. *They need you!*'" Ahhh.

And in case that wasn't convincing enough, the solicitation included a handwritten thanks from Connie. And it's only Mrs. Nichols's first term in Washington as a Congressional Wife. This woman has *talent*. ☾



Heather Foley, gatekeeper and charmer



Ex-C.W. Rita Jenrette, with her famous come-hither look from *Playboy*

Annette Lantos, not-at-all-insane-looking wife of Congressman Tom, at a hearing on animal rights with her poodle, Gigi



FOUR SHOCKING TALES OF LOW-LIFE ART
SCAMS INVOLVING A STOLEN CHAGALL,
A FAKE MODIGLIANI, THE MUSEUM OF
MODERN ART, GLORIA VANDERBILT,
SOUTHAMPTON, A STOLEN VERMEER,
THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE,
THE FBI AND JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

SCUMBAG DESCENDING A STAIRCASE

PAINTINGS AND OTHER WORKS OF ART ARE AMONG THE MOST SUBLIME achievements of human civilization. Accordingly, those who truly appreciate them form a small elite whose members are supremely refined, sophisticated and aristocratic. These adjectives come easily to mind when describing the 60 or so guests, mostly art collectors and dealers, who gathered for a black-tie dinner at the Metropolitan Club in New York last winter.

They had come, in their dinner jackets and Christian Lacroix frocks, to honor art dealer Paul Daniel Quatrochi on the occasion of his 35th birthday. Quatrochi himself, in white tie and tails, acted as host, as he had at similar dinners over the past five years. The setting was dramatic—leatherbound books lined the walls of the club's library, where the dinner was held; a huge fire roared in the fireplace; candles flickered in silver candelabras; the long table could easily have seated 80 or 90. Among those present were Princess Michaela von Hapsburg, 37, of the Austro-Hungarian Empire Hapsburgs; Jonathan Tisch, nephew of churlish dwarf billionaire Larry Tisch; Henry Golightly, an aging

by John Connolly
with Nick Rosen





Art juggler Paul
Daniel Quatrochi
at home among
putative treasures

WHEN WE ASKED QUATROCHI IF A MODIGLIANI LAUGHED AND SAID, "YOU KNOW I'D ONLY

Texas oil baron; Richard Stevenson Condon, who informed us that his family funded the first America's Cup race, in 1851; and assorted investment bankers and gallery and auction-house executives.

Quatrochi made his way around the table, effusively attending to his elegant guests. He is about five foot nine, overweight and with beady eyes; he looked a bit like a very fancily dressed, overfed rodent. He stopped to talk to Laura Paulson, a stunningly lovely woman who is a specialist in contemporary art at Christie's. Seated next to Paulson was her dark, thin, meek-looking husband, Andrew Fabricant, a salesman at the Gagosian gallery, which has been for several years the most fashionable New York gallery. Ever-present Scotch in hand, Quatrochi chatted amiably with Paulson, but then he turned to Fabricant and bellowed, "*Andrew! Don't fuck me on this deal!*"

As you read the following four tales of recent art-world thievery and low-life scamming, remember that a beautiful painting may be the expression of transcendent genius, but the person who buys and sells it can still have the soul of a loanshark.

I. THE MODIGLIANI AND THE THUG

Paul Quatrochi grew up on Long Island in a middle-class family. He went to Hobart College, in upstate New York, and depending on his mood, he will tell you that he has attended the London School of Economics, the Sorbonne, Cambridge or Oxford. He says he knows people like John Gutfreund and Cyrus Vance, but he has a tendency to exaggerate. For example, after SPY first contacted him, he immediately told the *Daily News* that he'd heard we were buying his life story for \$140,000. This figure was off by \$140,000.

The exact relationship between Princess Michaela and Quatrochi is unclear. "I can't get away from this woman," he says. "She can't get enough sex from me." Quatrochi says this sort of thing about many of his female friends. Over lunch at La Côte Basque, the princess insisted that her relationship with Quatrochi was not intimate. "With all the problems I am having with my husband," she said, "I am not interested in anything physical." The princess is separated from a 72-year-old French count. She was evicted two years ago for owing \$108,000 in back rent on her Park Avenue penthouse and is now living in the Grand Hyatt hotel apartment of an old friend, Adnan Khashoggi. She has sold the rights to her name to a Japanese firm that will use it for marketing a line of sheets, towels and china. We make no claim to

knowing what transpires between Princess Michaela and Paul Quatrochi, but we note that she needs money, and he needs introductions to wealthy collectors.

Here is an example of a Quatrochi transaction. In 1987 he used a small-time dealer to sell a Modigliani entitled *Jeanne Hébuterne* to the then president of Bally's health and racquet clubs, Roy Zurkowski—an art lover if there ever was one. The painting was one of several portraits of the artist's last mistress, who jumped out a window the day after his death. The price was \$685,000.

A few months after buying the picture, Zurkowski began hearing rumors about it and began questioning its authenticity. When we asked Quatrochi whether the painting was real, he laughed and said, "You know I'd only be involved in honorable dealings." Zurkowski told us, "I called Quatrochi up and asked for my money back. When I didn't get it right away, I asked a friend of mine to talk to Quatrochi." That friend was another connoisseur, Jerry Vasilatos of Queens, New York. Vasilatos is an ex-cop and a part-time security director at the Vertical Club, a swank gym in Manhattan. When we asked about *Jeanne Hébuterne*, he said simply, "Go fuck yourself."

Quatrochi says that after he was threatened by Vasilatos and other thugs, he paid Zurkowski the \$685,000 and then resold *Jeanne Hébuterne* for a huge profit. Zurkowski also says he got his money back in exchange for the painting. Quatrochi would not tell us to whom he sold the work, but one thing is certain: He must have sold it to someone. It is inconceivable that he could repay \$685,000 to Zurkowski without having first found a buyer.

Modigliani may never have expected that his tragic lover would become the marker in a game between a tough health-club executive, a thug from Queens and a duplicitous art dealer. But then Modigliani wouldn't have understood Japanese "Princess Michaela" napkins either.

II. ANOTHER MODIGLIANI AND THE AGING DEALER

In this interesting caper, Paul Quatrochi was joined by a friend, attorney Tom Andrews. Andrews, in his fifties, is about five foot ten and thin and has a florid face. He is never without a cigarette. According to one friend, he carries a gun. His office is in a brownstone off Madison Avenue on the Upper East Side. When we asked what kind of law he practiced, he answered, "I do all sorts of general law. I even deal in art myself, but the economy being what it is, I don't get much art work anymore."

HE HAD SOLD FOR \$685,000 WAS REAL, HE BE INVOLVED IN HONORABLE DEALINGS"

One of Andrews's former clients is Gloria Vanderbilt, who is currently suing him. The records of that case are sealed, but in an affidavit in another case, Vanderbilt says that from 1980 to '86, Andrews "undertook to perform all legal, business advisory, management and agency services I might require in exchange for 10% of my income."

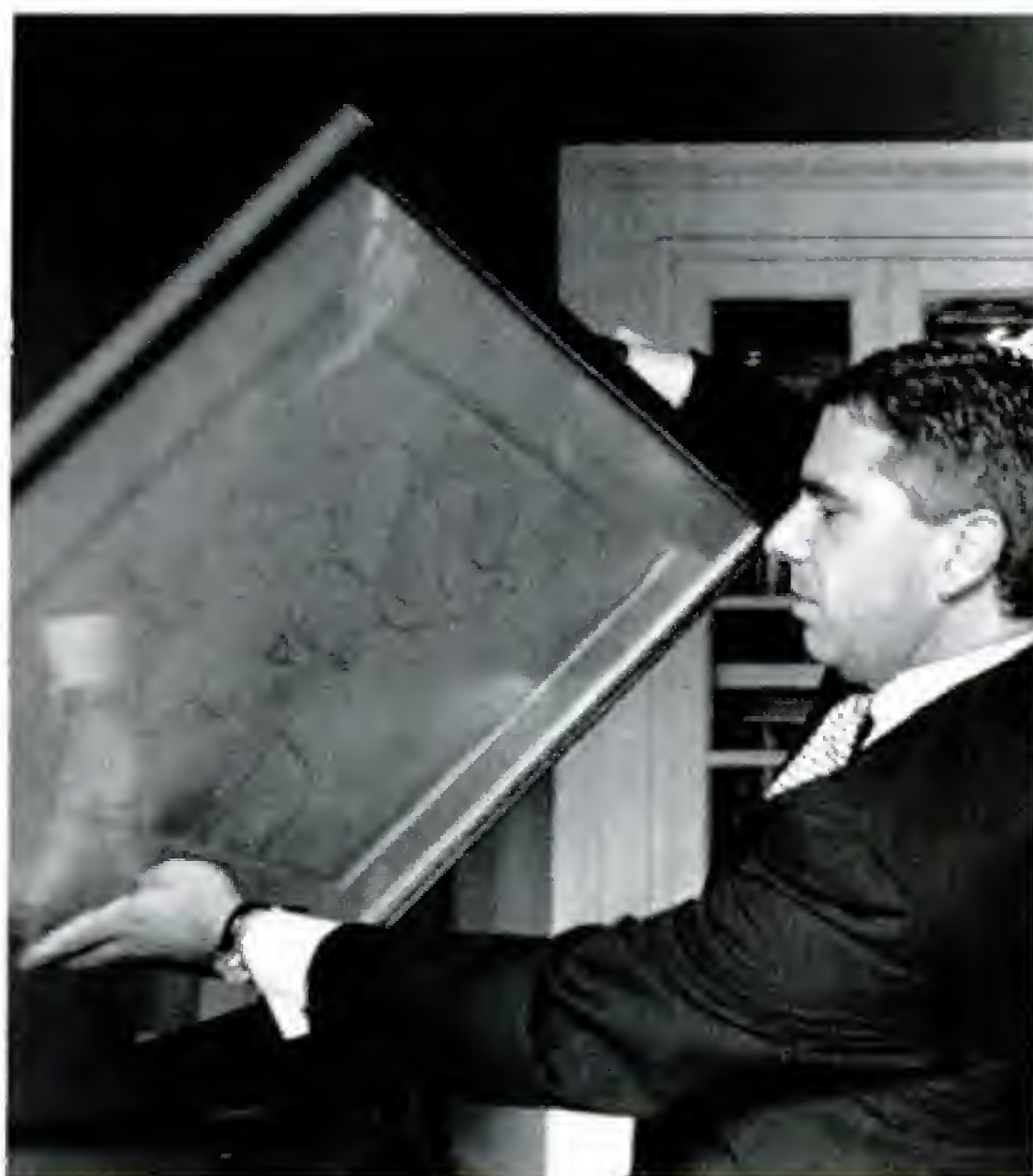
Tom Andrews is just as much of an art lover as Paul Quatrochi, and they often worked together. In 1989, for example, Andrews sent a letter to a prospective buyer of a Modigliani sculpture, saying he was representing anonymous sellers. SPY has learned, and Quatrochi confirmed with a giggle, that Quatrochi was in fact the seller. He also told us that when he found the sculpture, it was being used as "a doorstop at a house in the suburbs of London. I bought it for a few pounds, cleaned it up and made over a million on it."

That's a very curious and very unlikely history. Of course, Andrews made no mention of it in his letter. But he did cite a reference book to convince the potential buyer of the work's genuineness. The citation says, "Amedeo Modigliani, Tete, 67 cms, Light grey limestone, Circa 1913, Plate XXV (Modigliani, *A Study of His Sculpture*, Bibliotheque Modigliani, Namega, 1988)."

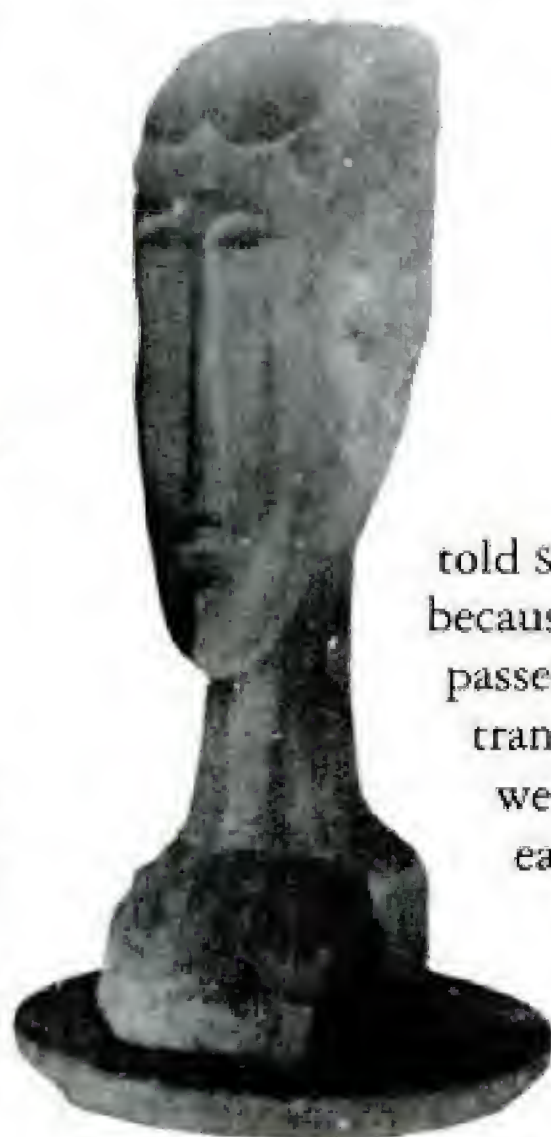
Interestingly, the reference book Andrews relied upon to authenticate the sculpture was financed by Paul Quatrochi. *Modigliani, A Study of His Sculpture* was published by the Namega Corporation of Jacksonville, Florida, and its authors are listed as Bernard Schuster and Arthur Pfannstiel, a well-known Modigliani expert. The book was distributed to museums and collectors. When SPY sent a certified letter to the Namega Corporation, the signature on the return receipt was Bernard Schuster's, and the Florida Department of State has no record of this corporation. Schuster would communicate only by fax, but he told us he was a Pfannstiel protégé for 20 years; Modigliani experts we spoke to had never heard of him. Arthur Pfannstiel was no help, either—he was dead at the time of the book's publication. After we pressed Quatrochi, he explained his role in this work

of scholarship: He admitted that he had arranged for the Pfannstiel archive to be given to Schuster. He also acknowledged that he had financed the book. If you can't very well account for an artwork's origins, it certainly is helpful if an expert includes the work in his discussion of the artist's oeuvre.

Quatrochi and Andrews's effort to sell the sculpture privately was unsuccessful. One dealer they tried to sell it to was Gertrude Stein, who owns a gallery on Madison Avenue. Stein



Above, Quatrochi not stealing a Matisse. Right, lawyer Tom Andrews not packing heat. Below, light-gray limestone imitation Modigliani that sold for about \$1.2 million. Actual value: \$17.50.



told SPY she refused to buy the sculpture because "it was not real." Another dealer passed along Quatrochi's book and a transparency of the sculpture to several well-informed collectors. The collectors each told the dealer, "Don't waste your time."

Quatrochi enlisted the help of Carla Panicali, an art dealer with galleries in New York and Rome.

IN 1988, QUATROCHI SOMEHOW BECAME THE TO RANSOM ELEVEN STOLEN PAINTINGS, AND

Panicali offered the work to Klaus Perls, an eminent multimillionaire dealer in his seventies whose specialty is the School of Paris, which includes Modigliani, Chagall and Picasso. Just before Panicali contacted Perls, Quatrochi took a young Museum of Modern Art researcher to lunch several times and gave her a photograph of the sculpture to be placed in the MoMA archives. If someone was skeptical about the work, they could now look it up in the MoMA library.

Perls bought the sculpture in 1990. Barnett Owens of the Perls Galleries acknowledged that the price was in the area of \$1.2 million. Owens also said that Perls consulted the MoMA archives prior to the purchase, but that it wasn't until several months later that he learned that it was Quatrochi who had provided MoMA with the picture of the sculpture. Owens went on to say that "Mr. Perls does not intend to sell the Modigliani; it is now in the Perls private collection. His eyes tell him it's authentic."

Sources very familiar with this transaction have another explanation for why Perls will be keeping the sculpture to himself. As one dealer said, "It's better for Klaus to take the loss than to admit he was sold a fake." And, anyway, he now has a very attractive doorstep.

III. ARTNAPPING

In May 1986, eleven paintings in the possession of Sir Alfred Beit were stolen from his home in Ireland. The works included a Vermeer, two Rubenses, a Goya and a Gainsborough. Somehow, Paul Quatrochi became the intermediary for someone who wanted to ransom the paintings. He claims that certain people he knew were so impressed with how he'd handled Zurkowski that they called on him for this job. Tom Andrews contacted a leading British lawyer and asked him to approach the Irish government on Quatrochi's behalf. The price for the return of the works was 1 million British pounds. Andrews and Quatrochi denied and still deny that they were to receive any of this money.

At a meeting in Andrews's office in New York, Homan Potterton, then director of the National Gallery of Ireland, offered to pay about \$350,000 to bring the paintings back to Ireland; Quatrochi and Andrews rejected that figure. Potterton then asked that a special agent of the FBI's antiterrorist unit in New York become involved. Quatrochi and Andrews both say they were about to be locked up but avoided this fate by identifying an Irish national as the person they had been representing. The Irishman was subsequently incarcerated in federal prison on drug

charges. Only two of the paintings have been recovered.

This time Quatrochi and Andrews failed, but on another occasion, as we shall see, Tom Andrews asked for \$500,000 to facilitate the return of a stolen painting. He settled for \$200,000.

IV. BARRY TRUPIN TRIES TO SELL A CHAGALL

In 1970 a Picasso and a Chagall were stolen from the home of a now elderly couple living in a suburb of Washington, D.C. The Chagall, entitled *Le Petit Concert*, was a beautiful work depicting a nighttime musical scene in a village. It had been purchased by the husband as a present for his wife, and she had fallen in love with it. For 20 years it remained out of sight, until it resurfaced after a strange series of events.

Barry Trupin is the model of the eighties millionaire who created wealth with clever pieces of paper. In the 1970s and '80s he made a lot of money packaging tax shelters. Trupin made a lot of money, but his investors claim they lost a lot of money. The IRS disallowed most of his shelters, and now he and his corporations face more than a dozen lawsuits that run into the tens of millions of dollars. Along the way, Trupin bought a \$3 million suit of armor and a fleet of Rolls-Royces. Earlier this year, after years of trying, he sold Dragon's Head, his huge unfinished house in Southampton, whose ugliness continues to horrify his neighbors.

In February 1990 things were not going well for Trupin. One of the assets he decided to sell was a Chagall he owned, a beautiful work depicting a nighttime musical scene in a village. Trupin asked an employee named Irving Ayash if he could discreetly sell the Chagall for \$300,000. Trupin told Ayash that he had no provenance for the work, no papers that typically accompany a painting to show its history of ownership; nor did he have a bill of sale, he said. Ayash, who has had problems with the law—he received a five-year suspended sentence for securities fraud in 1989—gave the Chagall to an associate named James Ewell and asked *him* to sell it for \$350,000. Ewell has had his own legal problems—in 1981 he spent four months in prison for stock fraud.

Ewell now contacted a small-time dealer named Theresa Herrera, and she in turn called another dealer, a man we'll call Mr. Da Vinci. Da Vinci immediately and correctly identified the Chagall as authentic. He told SPY, "In one hour I could have had the Chagall sold for \$1.1 million, and it would have fetched more." Like Ayash and Ewell, Da Vinci had committed fraud: In 1989 he pleaded guilty to a

INTERMEDIARY FOR SOMEONE WHO WANTED GIVING THEM A VERMEER AND TWO RUBENSES

misdemeanor after being indicted on a felony charge of insurance fraud. That case involved a work of art, and, feeling especially cautious, Da Vinci wanted to protect himself in case the Chagall was stolen.

He called the International Foundation for Art Research (IFAR), a nonprofit foundation that maintains records of stolen art, and inquired about the Chagall. If the painting was not on IFAR's list, Da Vinci could sell it and make about \$750,000. Even if the painting later turned out to be stolen, Da Vinci would have built a defense by paying IFAR for the search.

As it turned out, the painting had been reported as stolen. It was called *Le Petit Concert*. Constance Lowenthal, the director of IFAR, immediately contacted the original owners. The couple wanted their painting back, not so much for the money but because the wife loved it so much. They called Peter Stern, an attorney in New York, and he called Margot Dennedy, the FBI special agent in charge of the Art Squad. Agent Dennedy called Da Vinci, who referred her to his attorney. And who might that have been? Tom Andrews.

In a noble and public-spirited gesture, Andrews volunteered to the FBI to set up a sting operation that would recover the Chagall and catch the bad guys. But then he did something that seems less than altruistic: He called Peter Stern and said to him, "If your clients want their painting back, it's going to cost \$500,000." Initially, the FBI

knew nothing about this demand.

Andrews ultimately settled for \$200,000, to be split fifty-fifty with Da Vinci. Andrews called this a

reward, but the arrangement looks a lot like extortion. Indeed, in a similar case in Los Angeles, a lawyer was arrested and charged with extortion for offering to return two stolen paintings for a



Above, Quatrochi and Princess Michaela touch lips. Right, eighties cliché Barry Trupin. Below, *Le Petit Concert*, by Chagall.



substantial sum. (The case is pending.)

Da Vinci told SPY that at a meeting in his dining room, he, Tom Andrews, Dennedy and another FBI agent planned the sting. Amazingly, Dennedy also agreed that the couple would pay \$200,000 to Andrews and Da Vinci. "The FBI told me they wanted to get to Barry Trupin," Da Vinci says, because the Feds were investigating him. To get to Barry Trupin, the FBI was essentially becoming a party to extortion. To get to Trupin, the FBI was going to use \$200,000 of the elderly couple's money.

The following day, James Ewell walked into Tom Andrews's office

TOM ANDREWS CALLED THE LAWYER FOR TH AND SAID, "IF YOUR CLIENTS WANT THEIR PAI

expecting to exchange the Chagall for a check in the amount of \$350,000. Instead, soon after the meeting began, FBI agents appeared and grabbed him. The Feds questioned Ewell and Ayash extensively about Trupin. In Ayash's office, agents taped a conversation between him and Trupin. But the FBI hasn't arrested Barry Trupin. Agent Dennedy would say only that she would discuss Trupin's case with us in several months. Meanwhile, SPY has correspondence that confirms that the couple has paid the \$200,000 to Andrews and Da Vinci. This is shocking: Victims of crimes are not supposed to pay to have their property returned—that's what the FBI is for. And in this case, the FBI hasn't even made an arrest.

Trupin agreed to an interview with SPY only after long negotiations with his lawyer Robert Gaulin (in a bizarre coincidence, Gaulin and Peter Stern, the couple's lawyer, are now partners in the same well-connected New York law firm) and insisted that we talk in his lawyer's office with a court stenographer present.

For the interview, Trupin wore a natty blue-and-gray-plaid suit, crocodile shoes and plenty of gold jewelry. Asked how he came to own *Le Petit Concert*, he said, "I bought it for \$100,000 eight to ten years ago from an artist." He said he settled on the price by walking into a few galleries on Madison Avenue. We asked if he had any documents giving the painting's provenance, or if he had a bill of sale. The painting "was bought by one of my corporations and the corporation gave it to my wife for the wonderful work she did decorating my offices. It was sort of like a salary, sort of like a bonus," he said. "The papers could be anywhere." We asked why he gave the painting to Ayash to sell, and not to Sotheby's or Christie's, through whom he had regularly bought and sold art. He replied, "I didn't want word to get around that I needed money." However, by 1990 it was no secret that Barry Trupin was hard up.

Asked why he would sell a painting worth more than \$1 million for only \$300,000, Trupin said, "Hey, I bought it for \$100,000 and was selling it for \$300,000, that's an okay profit." Okay profit? Irving Ayash told us, "Never get between Barry Trupin and a \$10 bill." Surely Trupin would not have passed up an additional \$700,000—especially if he needed cash—unless he wanted to sell the painting quickly and quietly. Trupin promised to send us the Chagall's papers. We have yet to receive them. Finally, Gaulin and others told SPY that Trupin was extremely careful to insure all his possessions. We asked Gaulin if Trupin had insured the Chagall, and he promised to get back to us with the relevant information. He has yet to do so.

Theft, fraud, a ruined mogul, extortion, bumbling FBI agents—just what Chagall had in mind when he painted *Le Petit Concert*. ☛

CONNOISSUCKERS!

Some Very Unfortunate Recent Art Purchases

Some of our older readers may remember the Reagan years, a time of such indiscriminate and gullible extravagance that people even bought New York State foie gras. In a similar spirit, they also bought Fischls, Basquiats, De Koonings, Pissaros and Old Masters—so frantically that prices doubled and quadrupled and octupled until finally, in May 1990, a Japanese collector paid \$82.5 million for a single painting, Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet*. But art prices do not go in only one direction. As these recent examples illustrate, you don't need to buy a fake to get ripped off buying art.

PAINTINGS: *Interchange* (1955), by Willem de Kooning, and *Le Miroir* (1932), by Pablo Picasso

DESCRIPTIONS: *Interchange*, abstract; *Le Miroir*, portrait of Picasso's young, blond, zaftig mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter

RECENT HISTORY: In the fusion-hot art market of the late 1980s, even the auction houses sometimes got burned. The mysterious Japanese collector and dealer Shigeki Kameyama bought these paintings from Sotheby's in November 1989. He paid \$20.7 million, the highest sum



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

A Conversation With Andrew Crispo

Paul Quatrochi and Tom Andrews both seem to have a pretty unwholesome view of art dealing. SPY wanted to find someone with a more upbeat perspective, so we asked well-known dealer Andrew Crispo for his thoughts on the business. Mr. Crispo has had long experience buying and selling art. For many years he ran the prestigious Andrew Crispo Gallery on 57th Street, and he now deals privately. He was recently released from prison after serving three years for tax evasion *but was never actually charged* in the grisly, sadomasochistic Death Mask Murder, in which a handsome young man, whose partially burned corpse was

ELDERLY OWNERS OF THE STOLEN CHAGALL BRING BACK, IT'S GOING TO COST \$500,000"

ever paid at auction for the work of a living artist, for the De Kooning and \$26.4 million for the Picasso. He owns the Mountain Tortoise Company, which deals in paintings but has no listed address or phone number. His fortune apparently came from real estate in Fukuoka, on the island of Kyushu. In a matter of weeks, it became clear that he could not pay Sotheby's the \$47.1 million. Sotheby's paid the original owners, and Kameyama agreed to sell some other paintings to clear the debt. By April 1990, however, the market had already changed. In that month, Sotheby's held an auction including about 30 works from Kameyama's collection. Some failed even to sell.

PAINTING:
Les Noces de Pierette
(1905), by
Picasso



DESCRIPTION: Blue wedding scene
RECENT HISTORY: Bought by now-deceased Swedish collector Frederik Roos in 1988 for \$2 million; previously thought to be missing or destroyed. In

November 1989, Roos consigned the painting to Paris auction house Binoche and Godeau; there it sold for \$51.6 million to eccentric Japanese tycoon Tomonori Tsurumaki, the president of an amusement park with exotic race cars. He'd hoped to make the Picasso a centerpiece of the park's private museum on Kyushu. Instead, the park remains unfinished and the painting sits in a Tokyo warehouse. Critics say Tsurumaki will probably be able to sell it for only a fraction of what he paid.

PAINTING:
Adler
(1982), by
Georg
Baselitz
DESCRIP-



TION: Eagle, upside down
RECENT HISTORY: Consigned by Chicago lawyer-real estate developer Lewis Manilow to Christie's in November 1989; sold for a healthy \$418,000. New owner tried to turn it around at a May 1992 auction; it remained unsold, the highest bid reaching only \$220,000.

PAINTING: *Red Jackie* (1963), by
Andy Warhol

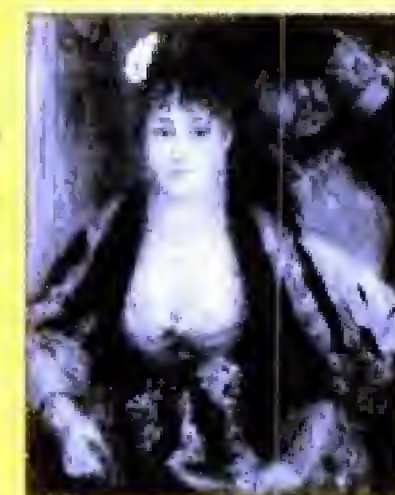
DESCRIPTION:
Jackie O, colored
red

RECENT HISTORY:
Bought in May 1989 by leading Pop Art collector Karl Ströher, heir to a German hair-products company, for \$825,000. Sold by Ströher in a creditor-forced sale in November 1991, to Swiss dealer and man-about-the-global-village Thomas Ammann, for \$352,000.



PAINTING: *La Loge*
(1874), by Pierre-
Auguste Renoir
DESCRIPTION:
Couple in opera
box

RECENT HISTORY:
Bought for \$12.1 million in May 1989 at Christie's by Hermann Schnabel, German fertilizer czar. May 1992: Despite serving as cover of auction catalog, painting failed to sell, bidding having stopped at \$5.2 million.



—Jonathan Napack

found with a leather mask on its skull, was shot by Mr. Crispo's assistant after the threesome's long night of drugs and sex.


It was a breath of fresh air to hear Mr. Crispo tell us that not every art dealer is in it only for the money. "The fact that I've owned great things is very satisfying," he told us in his soft-spoken and friendly way, "and not just in a materialistic sense." He went on, "I enjoyed having artworks and I enjoyed seeing them, but just as much I liked selling them to people who really did appreciate them. I had some wonderful clients, and some of those pieces are in really great collections." Summing up his feelings about being

an art dealer, Mr. Crispo said, "I really do love great works of art. I guess it's not just being a merchant, it's being associated with them."

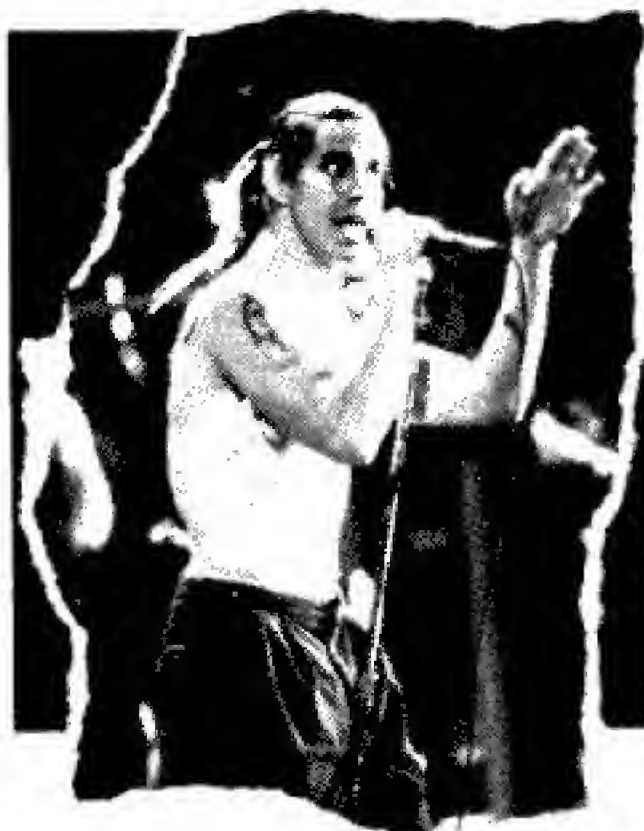
We asked Mr. Crispo if he had any tips for us on the current market. Overall, he's optimistic. "Eventually there will be another boom period, and I think we already see some signs of it." He pointed to recent auctions at Sotheby's and Christie's as particularly hopeful signs.



"The prices are lower than they used to be," he said, "but there's activity, and I think that's very healthy." Contradicting the conventional wisdom, Mr. Crispo believes that the contemporary market is strong. He also said, "I think many of the Impressionists are back where they can be affordable."

Thanks to Andrew Crispo for some good news about today's art world! 

red hot chili peppers' anthony kiedis
at cmj music marathon '89



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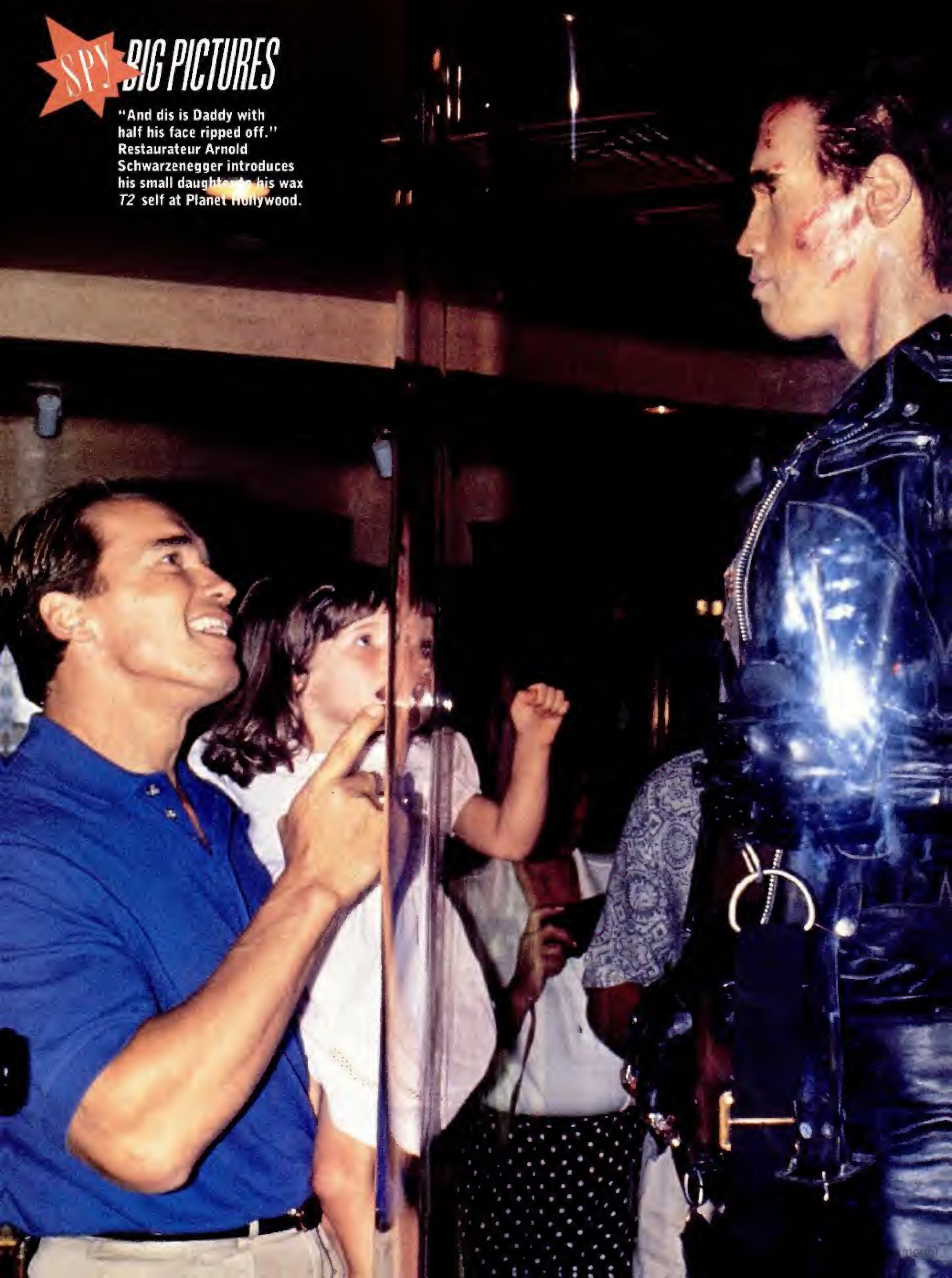
Left, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton play host to Peter Ustinov at a pre-mesquite barbecue circa 1970.



Right, in Saint-Tropez, Elton John puts his tights on one leg at a time, just like anyone else.

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"And dis is Daddy with half his face ripped off." Restaurateur Arnold Schwarzenegger introduces his small daughter to his wax T2 self at Planet Hollywood.



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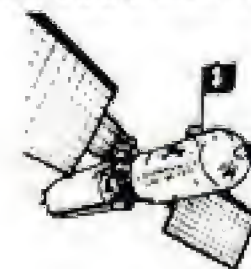
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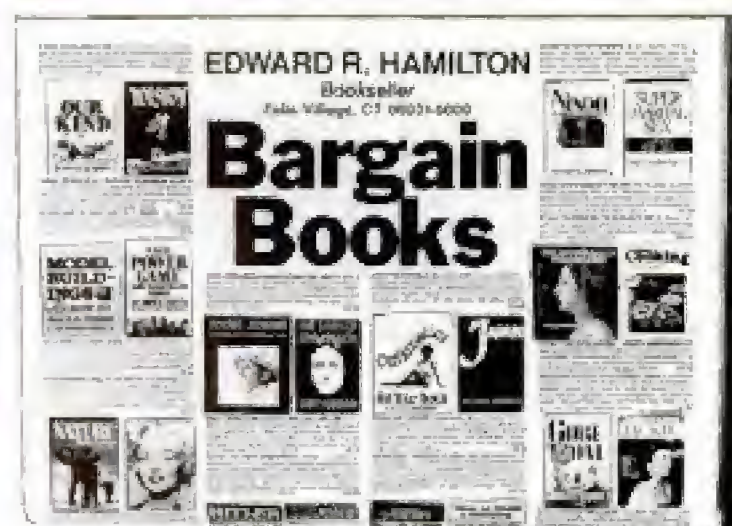
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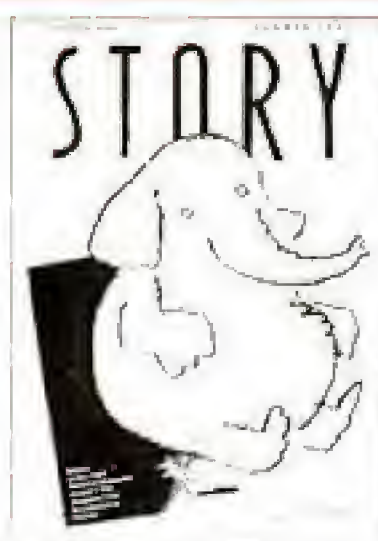
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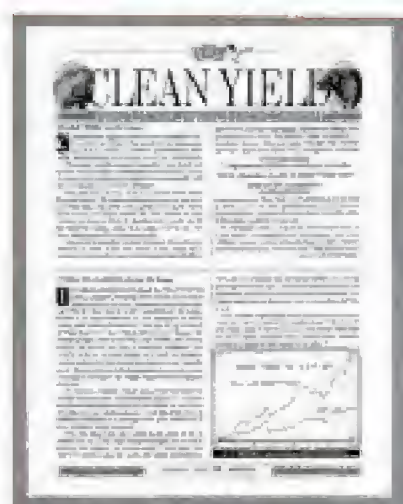
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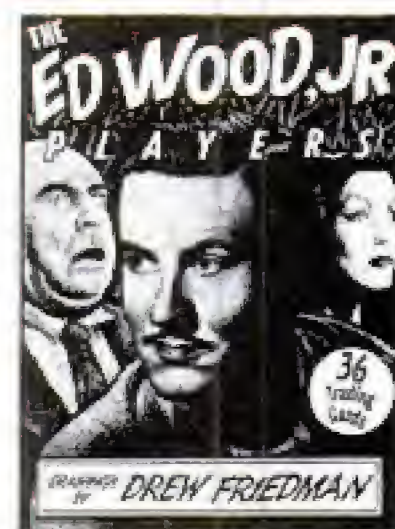
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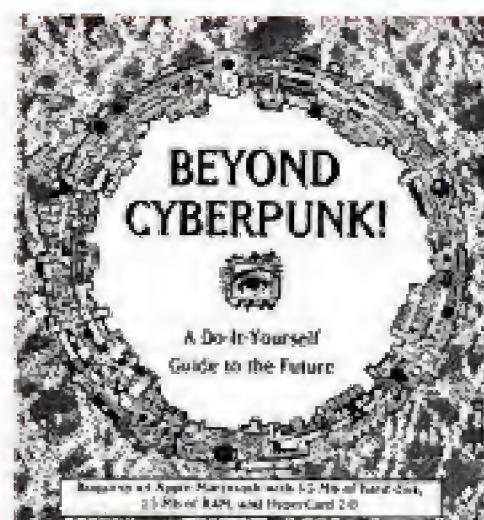
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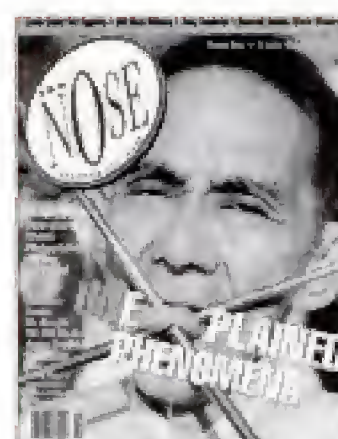
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Writer's Blecch

**The Wind Blows at *Esquire*;
Luke Perry Is Misunderstood;
Garry Wills Gets Off Easy**
by James Collins

Wouldn't it be nice if writers were never allowed to write? Jim Harrison *writes* fiction, and he also *writes* The Raw and the Cooked, a monthly column in *Esquire* about food but really about *writing*, and also hunting and the great outdoors and, mostly, Jim Harrison's own personal Hemingwavian self. He recently began his column with this sentence: "I am at one with my sentimentality, I thought, walking a long way along the San Pedro River straight into an oncoming thunderstorm, a gift of El Niño, out of the Pacific, crossing Baja and Sonora, and heading straight at me, of all people."

Reading that first clause, I am at one with my desire to puke—and this is a column about food. Of course, we must forgive Harrison's bringing up El Niño; all writers who specialize in macho bathos must invoke this particular wind god. However, I can less easily tolerate the later appearances, amid the tumbleweed, of Byron, Yeats, Joyce, Djuna Barnes and Pound. I guess I'm sentimental that way.

The first-person-singular pronoun, the empty pedestal that began Harrison's piece, should always warn us away from a writer who is writing, for if he is not writing about himself, he is writing about something even worse—his writing. The essays that begin on the bottom of the front page of the *New York Times* Book Review specialize in the gruesome subject of their writers' own work. In one recent example, a novelist told us,

A number of years ago, in a magazine or book, I ran across the information

that Napoleon Bonaparte's penis had been removed from his body after his death by a relic seeker, who later sold it to a collector. This germ of a story, once caught, grew. Over time it transformed into that half-organic, half-mechanical phantasm called an Idea for a Novel.

And there we left him, strangely unwilling to learn more about how Napoleon's penis became his muse. Two weeks later another novelist wrote in the same space, "By the time I had decided to write stories and poems, I was in my middle 20s. I lived alone in a dirty-green room on West 10th Street in Greenwich Village." Writer, dingy room, the Village, ballet dancer next door (she shows up in the next paragraph)—don't tell me, El Niño came howling down Seventh Avenue?

Also in *Esquire*, Greil Marcus wrote an endless-seeming article about the death of rock 'n' roll. If it isn't already dead, it may be by the



Illustration by Michael Witte

time you finish Marcus's story. In the last paragraph, Marcus wrote portentously, "In a time when it has been definitively pronounced that we have reached the end of history, the death of rock may appear to be a very small thing. Certainly it is, if you believe that rock 'n' roll and history have nothing to do with each other—if you believe that rock 'n' roll cannot help make history....If you don't believe it—well, listen to 'Blue Suede Shoes,' 'Smells Like Teen Spirit,' and 'Mind Playing Tricks on Me.'" Fortunately, Marcus can crank the tunes with another writer who thinks rock 'n' roll makes history. Discussing what he calls "rock music" in *The National Interest*, Irving Kristol, the neocon Moses and the father of Dan Quayle's Rasputin, said, "American popular music...has a wonderfully corrosive effect on all totalitarian and strongly authoritarian regimes." *Rock and roll!*

In a pretty negative, humorless review of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, Jami Bernard of the *New York Post* wrote, "How this homeless teen mechanic [Luke Perry] learned all that vampire lore when no one in the movie has filled him in is a big mystery, but then so is his appeal, with that little patch of hair under his lip." *That little patch of hair under his lip?* Ms. Bernard, that's a soul patch. The *Post* bills its entertainment section as "New York's Hippest Entertainment Section." I expect that Bernard will be disciplined accordingly.

A colleague of Bernard's named Michele Greppi asked us to do some visualizing when she described the host of the Comedy Central TV show *Women Aloud*:

Imagine a hyperactive pseudo-naughty, boy-bashing, self-centered

Lily Tomlin character filling in for Barth Gimble as host of a post-"McLaughlin Group"-era "Fernwood 2-Night."

I would say, rather, post-*Agronsky & Company*, but this is an honest difference.

**If rock 'n' roll
isn't already
dead, it may be
by the time
you finish
Greil Marcus's
story**

Michael Kimmelman, the *Times*'s art critic, began a story recently with this comparison: "Just as this summer brings disappointment to Mets and Yankees fans, it brings promise to fans of outdoor sculpture." Apparently outdoor sculpture had a shot at the playoffs. For an inane stretch like this one, I didn't think any art critic could do better than Kimmelman, but I was wrong. In *ARTnews*, M. Kirby Talley Jr. opened

his discussion of Fragonard by writing, "Charles de Gaulle once said of his countrymen, 'How can you possibly respect any people who make 750 types of cheese?' If the French are prodigious producers of cheese, they can also lay claim to being prodigious portrayers of the kiss in all its variations...."

James Atlas, an editor of the *Times Magazine*, is an intellectual; he says so himself. For all I know, he is also at one with his sentimentality, but I can't be certain of this. I do know he wrote a novel (a novel!) about his time at Oxford (Oxford!) and also wrote a well-regarded biography of a poet (a poet!), Delmore Schwartz. Here he is reviewing William Kennedy's new book in *Vogue*:

That novelists come out of nowhere is axiomatic. They require no picturesque setting; indeed, the bleaker the landscape, the more free they are to reinvent it. What James Joyce did for Dublin and Saul Bellow did for Chicago, William Kennedy has done for Albany, New York: created a rich

and vivid world invisible to the ordinary eye.

I have read and reread this passage countless times—well, twice—and I still find each sentence pretty incomprehensible. I also find that when I run the sentences together consecutively, I am no better off. What I can make of what Atlas is saying seems silly, anyway. Is anywhere more somewhere than Dublin or Chicago? Of course, what Atlas may mean is—they're not Manhattan.

Ronald Hayman may have made an unfortunate word choice when he reviewed two volumes of letters between Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir for the *Times Book Review*: "Long before she started calling herself a feminist, Beauvoir's book 'The Second Sex' (1949) was seminally important...."

Near the beginning of James M. McPherson's review of Garry Wills's new book in *The New York Review of Books*, McPherson wrote, "Of all these studies [of the Gettysburg Address], Garry Wills's *Lincoln at Gettysburg* is the best as well as the newest. In precision and economy of language it emulates Lincoln's masterpiece." High praise, if not quite the highest praise. Having properly paid his respects, however, McPherson, an eminent Civil War scholar, slowly let his criticism seep in. By the end of the review he was writing, "This is why the North fought; this is the vital meaning of the Gettysburg Address. Regrettably, that meaning does not come into sharp focus in Wills's analysis...." Regrettably, in other words, Wills—despite his precision and economy of language—missed the whole point.

I am at one with my sentimentality, I thought, walking a long way along 14th Street, straight into an oncoming thunderstorm that would make it very difficult to find a cab, a yellow cab, like Huxley's chrome yellow...

Oh, never mind. 

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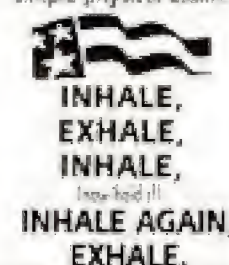
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HAND TO MOUTH
Enthusiastic *Richard III* fan and classy ultra-harri-
dan Lauren Bacall shakes hands with leading man Ian McKellan—and misses.



JOURNALISM 101
Here's how it's done: Mike Ovitz tells Barry Diller, and Barry Diller tells Tina Brown, and Tina Brown tells Ron Rosenbaum's shoulder.



PARTY POOP.



AND DESIGNER MAKES THREE Is it that New York husbands aren't interesting enough dinner companions? Or do New York wives just need someone to discuss window treatments with and tell them when their slip is showing? *Left to right:* John and Susan Gutfreund, with Arnold Scaasi; Nan and Tommy Kempner, with Calvin Klein; Bob and Sandy Pittman, with Isaac Mizrahi.





1976



1992

STATESMAN OF THE CENTURY, BEFORE AND AFTER



UFO ALERT

Former *Wall Street Journal* executive editor Norman Pearlstine and his wife, Nancy Friday, the best-selling author of pornography-cum-psychobabble, stop at the Russian Tea Room on their way back to planet Earth.



Stockard Channing and Ron Silver (too much facial hair)

Phil Spector and Dennis Hopper

Joan Rivers and Larry "Bud" Melman

Dr. Ruth and Mayor David Dinkins

Liz Smith and Henry Kravis

Ahmet Ertegun and David Geffen

Milton Berle and George Burns

Double-Bubba Bubble

**Call My Homeboys Stereotypes,
Then Accuse 'Em of Fakin' It?**
by Roy Blount Jr.

As a southern white guy myself, I don't relish this Double-Bubba stuff. Will the first all-Jewish ticket be called Double Bubeleh? The first all-black one (assuming it will be male and as chummy as Clinton-Gore), the Co-Bro's? If it had been Clinton-Cuomo, would it have been Bubba-Goombah?

As a matter of fact, my sister has always called me Bubba, a familiar form of Brother. Maybe people of my ethno-genderal category are seen as just naturally brotherly. I may just be grasping at straws here. But who isn't?

A *USA Today* cartoon depicts Clinton declaring from a podium, "*Ich bin ein Bubba!*" Whatever the point of this cartoon may be, it suggests that Clinton is a slick, Kennedyesquish soi-disant or gentleman Bubba, a Bubbawanna-be with a heart of—to use another term that has been run into the ground with respect to Clinton and Gore—wonk.

Which goes to the question of core.

In their commentaries after the Democratic convention, both Margaret Carlson in *Time* and Peggy Noonan in *Newsweek* came down to core in the end.

Carlson: "Clinton said he wanted people to know that there is a central core in him that they can relate to and trust.... Just by making it to the arena.... Clinton has shown that there is some iron in that core."

Noonan: "All presidents manipulate. FDR did, and so did Ronald Reagan. But with them, people perceived that beneath the overlay was a core of hardness and toughness. Clinton has survived a great deal

this year. But one wonders: at the core, where it counts, what is there?"

Let us not forget that Richard Nixon had core, and was rotten to it. John Kennedy had core, and couldn't keep it in his pants. Ross Perot couldn't bring himself to take his out of his pocket. Jimmy Carter's (pious) and Lyndon Johnson's (ass-kicking) cores were their downfalls. Harry Truman had core in retrospect, but that is partly because historians are dead set on finding core at this juncture.

Gail Sheehy quotes Clinton as saying of his high school self, "I wasn't an athlete, I was in the band. I wasn't perceived as anything really neat." Maybe that's what drives him—but hey, not being perceived as anything neat until he found himself as an artillery captain, delivering explosive charges, may have been what drove Truman; he went on to order the incineration of hundreds of thousands of people.

Gore, of course, got serious about saving the planet after his son was run over. As a child Gore sat on Nixon's lap while he presided over the Senate. His distant cousin is Gore Vidal. Sort all that out.

Might as well go back to the Perceived Bubba. I picture an old boy who, whatever else he may have going for him, at least doesn't have his head in the clouds ("These are not goofy liberals," says Clinton-Gore campaign manager David Wilhelm, "these are the guys who are in touch"), and he's solid. Core, he has. Or anyway, cob. But can anybody from any part of the country be that simple? Anybody who tries to appeal to a majority of us American people?

I don't remember when commentators started worrying about politicians' cores. But I *think* it was during the Reagan administration, and I *think* it had something to do with people's beginning to recognize that Reagan's core was his rock-solid sense of which camera to look into. We tend to doubt our presidents and presidential aspirants on the grounds we should have applied to the last one. Reagan was a feel-good guy, an actor; and now we disdain Bush and Quayle as hollow and we suspect that Clinton and Gore are also just mannequins (or as Republican senator Jake Garn has put it, "pretty boys") who tell us what we want to hear. So—that's not what we want to hear anymore?

Maybe the question we should be asking ourselves is whether any politician can manage not to be cored by the *electorate's* central values, which got set in concrete back during the Reagan years and which may be stated as follows:

**We Are Entitled to Everything,
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**We tend
to doubt our
presidential
aspirants on the
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